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WAKE NICODEMUS.

Nicodemus, the slave, was of African birth,
 And was bought for a bagful of gold;
He was reckoned as part of the salt of the earth,
 But he died years ago, very old.
'Twas his last sad request, so we laid him away
 In the trunk of an old hollow tree;
"Wake me up," was his charge, "at the first break of day—
 Wake me up for the great Jubilee!"

CHORUS—The "good time coming" is almost here!
 It was long, long, long on the way;
 Now run tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp,
 And meet us at the gum tree down in the swamp,
 To wake Nicodemus to-day.

He was known as a prophet—at least was as wise—
 For he told of the battles to come;
And we trembled with dread when he rolled up his eyes,
 And we heeded the shake of his thumb.
Though he clothed us with fear, yet the garments he wore
 Were in patches at elbow and knee;
And he still wears the suit that he used to of yore,
 As he sleeps in the old hollow tree.
 CHORUS.

Nicodemus was never the sport of the lash,
 Though the bullet has oft crossed his path;
There were none of his masters so brave or so rash
 As to face such a man in his wrath.
Yet his great heart with kindness was filled to the brim—
 He obeyed who was born to command;
But he longed for the morning which then was so dim—
 For the morning which now is at hand.
 CHORUS.

'Twas a long, weary night—we were almost in fear
 That the future was more than he knew;
'Twas a long, weary night, but the morning is near,
 And the words of our prophet are true.
There are signs in the sky that the darkness is gone—
 There are tokens in endless array;
While the storm that had seemingly banished the dawn,
 Only hastens the advent of day.
 CHORUS.

THE CIRCUS RIDER AND THE DANCER;
Or, The Lover's Fate.

I had come up to town from a remote corner in the country to spend the Christmas holidays with a rich uncle. It was my first visit, and everything was new and brilliant to my ignorant young eyes. The bright lights of the streets at night, the gay shop windows, the gorgeous preparations for the approaching festival, the occasional bands of music, all seemed to me delightful and brilliant auxiliaries to the fairy-land I had dropped into.

On Christmas Eve, after dinner, my uncle, who was kind and good natured, and seemed to enjoy my wonder and delight at everything, said, "George, how would you like to go to the circus to-night?"

My heart jumped at the thought. The circus! Ever since I was seven years old it had been the dream of my life to go to a circus. I expressed my joy at the prospect now before me in no measured terms.

It is little exaggeration to say that I "flew" up stairs. In less than a minute I was down again and equipped for the street.

We were in good time, and secured excellent places. Presently the performance began. I was spellbound.

At first I suffered agony at beholding two tall, agile fellows spinning round on the backs of horses, and performing extraordinary feats in the way of standing on their heads, balancing themselves, feet upwards, on one hand, jumping over each other's heads, and half a hundred other feats of the kind, which I can't begin to enumerate. And after a while I gained more confidence in them, as they neither broke their necks nor drove the horses frantic, and I fully enjoyed the novel sight. How I laughed at the clown's jokes—what an embodiment of fun he seemed to me; how exhilarating the music sounded, and how my hands ached with the plaudits I so plentifully bestowed. After the clown's jokes were duly laughed at, and the two brown horses with their riders led off, the arena was cleared.

In a few minutes a large coal-black horse was led on. He was beautifully caparisoned. A cushioned saddle, covered with white velvet, and embroidered in brilliant colors, and a bridle of white ribbon, set off his glossy blackness; and my heart beat with a new thrill as a murmur of expectation hummed through the assembly.

A loud clapping of hands, and then a tiny figure, bright, sparkling and glittering like a star, was seen to spring on the horse's back at a single bound; and there, poised on one foot, the silken bridle held between her teeth, and her two arms extended to fly with the flying horse round and round the ring a dozen of times before she paused, amid the cheers and applause of several hundred people. I was thankful to see her for one minute in repose. All had passed so quickly that I was in a whirl of delight, astonishment, and enthusiastic admiration.

I would have asked my uncle whether this lovely vision was a fairy, but I might be mistaken, and boy's don't like to be laughed at. How beautiful she was—the exquisite little creature. A skirt of white gauze, spangled with gold and embroidered with crimson, reached half-way below her knee; and crimson sandals on her dainty feet were strapped with narrow ribbon over the instep and tied around the delicate ankle. A crimson bodice, broidered in gold and white, enclosed her childish waist, leaving to view the whitest neck and shoulders, and the snowiest arms it is possible to imagine. Her face was so lovely that any man might have wished for a daughter or a little sister like her, and childlike and innocent as it was beautiful. No rouge concealed the beautiful glow on her round cheeks, and her parted lips were like ripe cherries. Her dark eyes looked out from under drooping lids and lashes with shy confidence; and a rich wealth of pale brown hair in loose ringlets waved down from her pearly brow, reaching below her waist.

I shall never forget the sensation of terror that swept over me when I saw her go flying through half a dozen paper-covered hoops in succession. Every moment I expected to see her go over the horse's head and lie tramp'ed beneath his hoofs. When the trying performance was over I could not applaud; my heart almost stopped beating; my hands were cold and numbed, and beads of perspiration stood on my brow. I was conscious of an overwhelming feeling of gratitude to heaven that the beautiful child was unhurt, and seated there easy and graceful on her embroidered saddle. In a few moments she sprang down, sent a quick bow and smile, as it seemed to me, to every part of the house at once, and disappeared. Her horse was led off after her.

The rest of the performance had no attraction for me. I summoned up courage to ask my uncle if she would appear again that night, and on being assured she would not, I announced myself ready to go home.

I could not forget her. I described the sight of her—her grace, beauty and cleverness—to my little cousins at my uncle's, and went to bed to dream of her.

On the night after Christmas Day I begged my uncle to take me to the circus again, and he humored me. I bore the first series of the performance with the patience of a martyr. It had no pleasure for me now. How stale the clown's jokes had become, though I had heard them only once before.

At last she came! I was less frightened for her safety than I had been on the first night, and I admired and enjoyed her performance more. Again I left the house when she retired from the arena, and my heart beat with a wild and feverish desire to know her, to call her by her name. Her sweet name—she must have a sweet name—what a privilege to have known it! I could then have shrined it forever in the heart whereon her image was impressed. My sweet, lovely, heart's first dream, my boyish love, my darling Maritana!

Maritana was her name—I learned it afterwards.

Every other night I was to be found at the circus during the second part of the performance; and every time I felt it my heart thrilled with a wilder desire to know and speak with Maritana.

The last week of my holidays was drawing to a close, and with a sad heart I reflected that I had not yet gained the acquaintance for which I so longed. I resolved to visit the circus for the last time on Thursday night—on Saturday I was to leave the city.

I went early, in order to get a seat in the first row. At last she came.

Greedily I feasted my eyes on her beauty, the graceful turn of her little head, the arch smile and bow when she turned to the house; and wretched and desolate I felt when I remembered that I might, perhaps, never see her again.

Suddenly, as she was flying through one of the hoops, a stupid fellow threw a bouquet towards her. It struck the horse between the eyes—he was a well-trained animal, but had not lost all his native fire, and the throwing of bouquets not being among the items of his training, he plunged forward with a wild neigh, and was with difficulty caught and pacified. But I only saw the girl. She had fallen, of course, and being struck by the horse's hoof as he leaped forward, lay white and motionless on the floor. A sudden panic seemed for a moment to possess every one. I was in the front row, but a few feet above the arena. To spring from my seat, raise the insensible child, and hold that lovely form in my strong arms, close to my beating heart, was my first thought, and quick as thought it was done.

"Where shall I carry her?" I asked, breathless.

Somebody—I think it was the clown—motioned to me; he led the way and I followed him and presently I found myself in the little girl's dressing-room—a place about six feet square in size; cold, comfortless, repulsive. By singular good luck there chanced to be a broken pitcher containing some water, and with that I bathed her forehead and head, and laved her dear little pallid hands.

She was not severely hurt, and soon revived enough to open her eyes and speak faintly.

"Oh, sir," she said, "you were very good to throw the flowers. I love flowers, but I'm very sorry they startled Debbie."

She spoke quite distinctly, in a very sweet tone, and with an enchanting foreign accent. I made haste to say I had not thrown the flowers.

The clown, perceiving that she was not dangerously hurt, now returned to his post and we were left alone.

"So you didn't throw the flowers, eh? And how came you down there?" she asked.

"I jumped down the moment you fell, and if you will forgive me for saying it, I am very glad the accident occurred, since you are not greatly hurt."

How I ever said it I can't tell, but all I said to her came as naturally as speaking.

"Why?" she asked, opening her lovely eyes till they looked like two great stars.

"Because it has given me the pleasure of speaking to you. Something I have wished for since the first time I saw you."

She tossed her little head coquettishly. Evidently it was not the first compliment she had received, young as she was; but I made no such reflection then, for she put up her hand to her head the next moment, and a groan escaped her.

"Oh, forgive my forgetfulness," I said, "keeping you speaking here when you are in such pain. You must go home."

"I should," she said, "but I feel too ill to go alone, and I must wait till some one can take me home."

"If you will allow me, I will be so glad——"

"To go home with me? You're too kind, sir. I thank you. If you will step out one moment I will be ready."

I left the little place, and stood outside waiting for her. In a short time she appeared, having, apparently, thrown a dark skirt over her circus costume, and enveloped herself in a voluminous cloak, the hood of which was drawn up over her head.

She looked older than when I had first seen her on horseback; but her pale, pained little face, as it looked out from the hood, was the loveliest I have ever seen, and her smile was like sunshine on a bed of lilies and roses. From her appearance now, I judged she must be about fourteen years old.

"Well," said the little maiden, "we had better go;" and slipping her hand through my arm, she led me through many devious passage-ways, till at last we were out in the street.

"What is your name?" she asked, as she went along through the darkness. "You must tell me, that I may know what to call you in my thoughts when I think of your kindness."

"George Alcroft."

"That's a nice name—as pretty as my own. Don't you think Maritana Desiree a pretty name?"

"Almost as pretty as she to whom it belongs."

"I like that—you speak like a French boy I once knew," (I was torn with jealousy) "but he's dead now," she went on with a slight sigh, "and I often miss my dear little companion. I liked him so much—may I like you?"

"If you only will," I said with a fluttering heart.

We were at the corner of the street now, and I had discovered on inspection that I had sufficient of my last allowance of pocket-money to hire a cab, and I hailed one that chanced to be passing. Maritana exclaimed against it, but I felt like a lord, and lifted her in without deigning a word of reply to her remonstrance. Then seating myself beside her, she gave her direction to the driver, and off we rattled.

It seemed to me but a few brief minutes, that hurried drive, but we were at her home, and I could not prolong it.

I helped her out, and led her up to the door.

"It is too late to ask you in," she said: "my mother has gone to bed, or she would thank you. So good-bye."

She held out her hand—I seized it, and emboldened by my despair when I thought I might never see her again, I pressed my lips to it, and then, frightened at myself, dropped it. She smiled, and I thought the lamplight from the sidewalk showed me a faint color flush over her face; the next moment the closed door was between us, and I experienced a feeling of loneliness I had never known before.

The next day I purchased the handsomest bouquet I could find; it was really a beautiful collection of flowers. To this day the sight of such flowers sends a tremor through me. I leave it to joyful hearts—I was sixteen then—to imagine the joy with which I wended my way that afternoon to the abode of Maritana, the bouquet wrapped in a cover of tissue paper, in my hand.

Maritana was at home, but confined to her room, with a slight fever, and a bad pain in her head. I saw her mother, who told me this, and with a sad heart I confided to her care the bouquet, to which was attached my name, for I had provided against the possibility of not seeing her.

Madame Desiree (a Frenchwoman), who had but a limited stock of English, could only find words to thank me, and to say she would carry the pretty flowers to her daughter at once—immediately.

She did so, leaving me uncertain whether I should go or wait her return. While I thought of it I heard a dear, sweet voice exclaim in tones of rapturous delight, "Oh, mamma! How beautiful! how lovely! how sweet! The dear flowers—the pretty flowers—how I love them!"

I was repaid even for my disappointment.

A moment later I heard her reading my name off the card, and then she raised her voice to call from the other room:—"Oh, thank you—thank you, sir! I shall keep them and love them forever."

Madame Desiree returned, and she tried to give me Maritana's thanks, but I said "good morning," and hurried away. I couldn't stay to hear her stammering efforts to make me comprehend her, after hearing the expression of Maritana's delight.

The next day I left my uncle's abode.

I was too young to comprehend the change that had taken place within me; but I realized in some confused manner that I was leaving the place I had entered as a boy with the feelings of a man.

How tame, dreary, heart-sickening I found my quiet country home I need not stop to explain. I soon assured myself that I was not intended for the life of a farmer, and my father declared I moped, while my good mother worried about my failing health. But at length they were both persuaded that I pined for a life of more stirring activity, and at my own earnest desire I was entered as a junior clerk in my uncle's counting house.

The same train that a few weeks before had taken my breath away on my first visit to my uncle's seemed to lag on this my second journey there. But my heart bounded like a ball that has been kept under pressure and suddenly removed, when I recognised the dark brick walls and the interminable streets that told me I was again in the great city.

I did not dare go to a place of amusement on the night of my arrival; but next night I found myself in the Circus. I tried to still the beating of my heart while I waited for her to come, and at last the black horse was led out. Oh, moment of intoxicating anticipation—two men moved aside, and out stepped a tall woman in a dark riding-habit, and sprang into the saddle before any one could offer assistance.

A feeling of sickness oppressed me. My head grew dizzy, and I closed my eyes.

After the tall woman in a riding-habit came an infant prodigy, in the shape of a very small boy, who did a great many things I know nothing about, for I closed my eyes, and my heart panted for the sweet young girl whose image was graven upon it. All through the dreary two hours that followed I waited and watched for her, but the people rose, and the lights were slowly turned off, and I had not seen her.

It was a bitter disappointment; and I wearied myself on the way home with conjectures as to the cause of her absence from the Circus.

Fool that I was not to think of it sooner. She was doubtless ill, and it was too late to go then and inquire for her. But on the morrow, before my hour for entering the counting-house, I sought the dwelling of Maritana. Trembling between the hope of seeing her and the fear of finding her ill, or——I dared not think the worst, though determined to learn it.

Alas! it could scarcely have been worse than what I discovered. Madame Desiree had given up her apartments—Maritana had been taken ill with some terrible disorder just when she seemed to be entirely recovered from the fall from her horse, and the doctor had said she would die. Madame Desiree, at the risk of her child's life, had removed her; the woman from whom they had hired the rooms could tell me no more; where they had gone she could not even guess at; Madame had acted like a crazy woman—refusing to let anybody see her daughter or to tell what her illness was, or, in short, anything concerning her; and as for the poor child, she was doubtless dead by that time. I could listen to no more. I don't know how I found my way to the counting-house; and I hope no one will laugh at me when I say that I wept bitterly.

A provident nature has decreed that youth recovers sooner than age from sorrows—it feels much more keenly. The first few months after the sad tidings I had heard of Maritana were dreary and sad to me; but after a while that little episode, growing out of my first visit to a circus, was remembered as a sad but beautiful picture that I could not forget, but must not brood over; and once or twice a bright thought illuminated it like sunlight.

Six years passed away. I became quite a business man; and my uncle, having no sons, and being fond of me, had taken me as partner into his business.

One evening, my eldest cousin, a very pretty girl, "just out," declared her intention of going to the theatre, and I must go—no one could please mamma so well, and no one else suited Cousin Carrie as a cavalier.

I entered a feeble protest.

"Nonsense, George," returned Carrie, with an overwhelming look. "I am determined to see this play; and besides, there's a new dancer—Madamoiselle Maritana—everybody's raving about her. I don't believe you ever saw a genuine French dancer. So it will be a treat for you."

Madamoiselle Maritana! Should blush to confess it? At first I could not account for the familiar sound of that name, and it was some moments before I could connect it, with a faint glow at my heart, with the little girl I had seen in the Circus more than six years before. So we went.

It was so long since I had been in a theatre. There was something almost exhilarating in the bright lights, the music, and the well-dressed and handsome women. I occupied myself much more in studying the various faces than in watching the acting or the development of the plot, and I was rather glad when the curtain fell, and the orchestra played some fine selections from a favorite opera. Presently up rolled the curtain again, and

"Here comes the *danseuse!*" said my cousin, with a little rustling of silk, and bending forward to see better.

Yes: there was the dancer. I could scarcely believe my eyes—it was Maritana, indeed—my Maritana! the lovely girl of the Circus, with every grace and beauty increased—the beautiful child in all the glory of gorgeous womanhood.

The old tide of feeling swept over me, drowning the lapse of years in a moment; and again I bent forward as on that first night, and watched her. Spell-bound, entranced—her very grace, her transcendent beauty, the soft light of her veiled eyes, the rich color on her rounded cheeks—where could it be equaled? There was not another such lovely woman in the world! These and a hundred other delicious thoughts passed through my mind in a minute; and I scarcely breathed till the curtain fell, and she was lost to me.

I rose, and with a hasty apology to my companions, left the box. In another minute I was asking permission to go behind the scenes. It was with some difficulty that I got it; but at last, when I assured the doorkeeper I was an old friend of Madamoiselle's, and knew her mother, I was admitted. This showed that they rarely permitted visitors behind the scenes. I was very glad of it. I was obliged to wait in the green-room for some minutes—Madamoiselle was in her dressing-room.

She came at last, and I thought her more beautiful than ever. She wore a close fitting suit of black velvet, and a hat with a drooping brim, which shaded the exquisite beauty of her face, but left to full view the rich abundance of her waving hair.

"I fear you don't remember me, Miss Desiree?"

"Monsieur is right;" and she spoke with the same foreign accent, rather stronger than when I saw her last.

"Perhaps you have forgotten my name, too," I said, with a feeling of mortification at not being recognised.

"If monsieur will speak it I can tell better," with a bewitching smile.

"George Alcroft."

"Is it possible? I am so glad!"—and she caught my hand in both of hers, and a bright color that made my face also glow at sight of it, flitted over her cheek and brow.

"Ah, now that I look at you closely," she went on, "I do see my little friend. But you are changed—you are—well, never mind!" and she laughed gaily. "Men are so naturally vain it don't do to pay them compliments."

How charming she was! so beautiful so arch and winning, so perfectly ladylike, too. I felt too much to say much, but I thought, was it possible, after all, I had loved Maritana for six years, though to myself I had almost ceased to remember her? It was a question I could not answer.

She spoke again before I had well recovered from the bewilderment of meeting her.

"Well, I must say good night, Mr. Alcroft. My mother is waiting."

"And may I not call on you?"

"Certainly,"—and she pencilled her address on a card: "we shall always be glad to see you; and I have yet to thank you for those lovely flowers. Good-bye."

She waived her hand, and was gone.

I was savage with myself for my stupidity. She had gone to her carriage, and I had not even accompanied her to it. All my customary ease seemed to have forsaken me.

The stupid afterpiece was half over when I returned to my aunt's box, where I got a scolding from my cousin for my absence.

My attendance at the theatre was so regular now that it soon became as great a marvel as my avoidance had hitherto been.

I did not call on Madamoiselle Maritana, as I had at first thought of doing the very next day after I had renewed my acquaintance with her. I had a prescience of what would happen if I did. But I went nightly to see her dance, and yet I dared not ask myself why I went, or why I refrained from calling upon her.

One evening I was passing through the hall, when I heard my name spoken by my uncle and aunt; their voices came from the parlor opposite where I stood, brushing my hat, and I listened without thinking of what I was doing.

"Nonsense, Mary, it will do him good. I am not over fond of does,"

"But, my dear, he goes to the theatre every night," returned my aunt.

"So much the better. He has discovered in himself a natural taste for acting, as all young men should; and I'm glad to see him cultivate it."

"Oh, nonsense, Mr. Alcroft! He only goes to one theatre; and if he were not such a very exemplary young man, I should think that French dancer had something to do with it."

"Stuff! What creatures you women are! There must be a love scrape at the bottom of everything. You may take my word for it. George is an exemplary young man, and he has too much sense to be really in love with a dancer."

I crushed my hat on my head and hurried out. That scrap of conversation had given me a deeper insight to my own feelings than I had cared to take for myself.

I did love Maritana, and I trembled to think how madly. I easily foresaw the opposition I would meet from my uncle, but it mattered not; I was my own master, and as such I determined to act. I continued on my way, and reached the theatre just as the curtain drew up for Maritana's appearance.

The frenzy of jealousy possessed me when I heard on every side the admiration that was lavished upon her—admiration justly due, which could not have been too flattering, but still I burned with rage and jealousy. I determined to stop the exhibition of herself at once. She was beautiful beyond description, graceful beyond compare; but no one must have the right to say so, no one save me alone.

I went behind the scenes when she had retired, and waited for her in the greenroom. She received me, I thought, with a shade of coldness; I could not quite decide whether it was pique or indifference

Might I have the pleasure of conducting her to her carriage? Yes; mamma was ill, and unable to accompany her this evening.

She smiled when she gave me the permission, and I asked leave to call the next day when I took her hand at parting.

She asked why I need have leave when I did not avail myself of it; and again the shade of coldness in her manner. It was pique, then. A thrill of pleasure quickened the pulse of my heart. I apologized, got leave to call, and parted from her.

Early the next day I called at the house where she was lodging. What a contrast from the abode where I first found her! She was not alone; and again I was fired with jealousy when she introduced Signor Bratelli. The signor was a famous tenor, and a very handsome and fascinating person. I had often looked at him and listened to him with delight, for I went to concerts frequently; but the sight of him, under present circumstances, froze me. Maritana, I thought, jealously, was more lovely than ever in her morning robe, and her fair hair gathered up with a coral comb. The attentions of the signor did not displease her; she even seemed to encourage him. I took my leave after a hurried call, resolving, as I walked, with angry haste, towards the office, never to see her again. But yet I could not forget the faint glow upon her cheek, the tender light in her eyes, and the lingering pressure of her fingers when she bade me good-bye and said, "You are in great haste. Pray come again when you can spare me a little more of your time."

That night found me a looker-on while she danced; and the next day I called again. This time she was alone; and I was in Elysium while I listened to her pretty talk, her good-humored sallies, though she could be sharp on occasion, and her low delicious laughter.

I said little, quite pleased to listen,

While I sat, leaning my arm on a little table beside me, I chanced to move suddenly, and overthrew a little casket beside me.

Maritana started up with a suppressed cry.

"I always keep that casket locked," she muttered, a flush overspreading her face. "How could it be open now?"

And she skilfully threw herself between her treasure and me, and hurried the contents back again into their place. But I had seen a lot of withered flowers, I had caught the gleam of silver paper, and the faded yellow of what had once been silk fringe!

I caught her two hands and drew her away a moment, looked into her blushing face, and tried to read the light in her downcast eyes.

"Maritana!" I said, in a tone that love and joy made to sound as a hoarse whisper.

"Well, sir?" she said, throwing back her head, and flashing her eyes in my face.

"Can it be possible that you have kept those old flowers all this time?"

"Why not?" she retorted sharply; and then with a demure smile, "You know I love flowers."

"Ah, Maritana! And may not I know that you love me too?"

A rigid look came over her face; she grew very pale, but answered nothing.

With all the eloquence of passionate love I poured out my heart before her, crushing the little hands between mine while I spoke; but no answering love came into her white face. She only grew more cold and rigid at every word I said.

"Speak to me! Speak to me, my love! Maritana, my darling! Say that I have not mistaken you! You will not break my heart, sweetest? One word—I will wait—any conditions you please—only promise that you will be my wife."

A rich, warm color, like the heart of a rose, reddened all her face, then faded out, leaving her quite pale again, as she said, with a smothered gasp, "You—you don't mean that you want to marry me, George?"

"Certainly."

"But men like you, George Alcroft, don't marry women like me—dancers!" she said, with a mingled accent of contempt and sadness.

I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle—men like me always marry the woman they love."

She wrenched her hands from my grasp, and covering her face with them, burst into a passion of tears. Then, catching both my hands in hers, she covered them with a shower of warm kisses and tears before I knew what I was doing.

"Do I love you?" she said. "Do I love you? Look into my face—see these tears—see—oh, you are not blind, George, and you do see how I love you!"

I drew her close within my arms and held her against my happy heart—my Maritana—my own for ever—my betrothed wife!

When at length we could discuss things somewhat mundane, it was decided that Maritana should fulfil her engagement, which lasted three weeks longer, as she declared she could not break her word, even to be married; and with that I was obliged to be content, though at first I was inclined to be severe.

I always accompanied her to the theatre. I never went in front, for it maddened me to hear the comments passed upon her by vulgar loungers. I waited in the greenroom for her appearance, and then accompanied her home.

Two of three weeks were gone; and with what joy I thought that only six nights more must pass before I could forever withdraw my darling from the vulgar gaze of the theatre going public. I called for her one night, as usual, earlier than was necessary, to take her to the theatre, as I always did, for it was my only interview with her during the twelve hours she called day. Her maid told me that Madamoiselle was too ill to see any one, and would not be able to dance that night

I was shocked at the intelligence; but certainly the girl had not named me. I sent her back again with my card. She returned with the message that Madamoiselle was very ill, and could on no account see Mr. Alcroft.

Twenty different emotions possessed me as I left the house, in which amazement, grief and jealousy predominated; amazement at her sudden illness, grief for it, and jealousy that I was not admitted. What reason can there be that her husband who was to be, the man who in a single week was to claim her as his wife, should not see her, however ill she might be?

As I asked myself these questions, walking along blindly, I stumbled against Signor Bratelli.

I watched him; he entered the house. I was stung to the very core of my heart, though I scarcely knew why; but resolved to await the appearance of the tenor. I paced to and fro in front of the house; an hour passed away, and he did not come out again, and I turned from the place with sick heart and a bitter smile. It was all too plain; the illness was a pretext; she had denied me for the sake of Signor Bratelli, and doubtless thought I would not go to the theatre. But I took my seat there with rage and jealousy tearing at my heart, resolved to sit there through the whole performance for the sake of seeing her there, and then confronting her with her own lie. But the curtain fell, and before it went up again the manager appeared with an apology for the absence of Madamoiselle Maritana, who had been unexpectedly taken ill a few hours before. A sudden revulsion of feeling took my breath away: I gasped with joy. She was ill, then; and was I mad, not to have thought of that before! Signor Bratelli had rooms in the same house in which Maritana lived! I seemed to walk on air as I returned to my uncle's. Surely never before had the certainty of a beloved one's illness brought such comfort to the heart of a lover.

I was taking a hasty glance at the morning paper next day, as I made a hurried breakfast before going to inquire after Maritana. She would be better, I thought—I was sure she would be better, for I was in buoyant spirits; and as I thought of my own approaching marriage I involuntarily glanced over the list of the happy couples. Suddenly the room seemed to spin around, the floor to open beneath my feet; I had a sensation as of falling, falling down through immeasurable space, but still I clung to that fatal paper, and with staring eyes read again and again that horrible paragraph:—

"Married, yesterday, at the French Chapel, Madamoiselle Maritana Desiree, the well-known and deservedly admired *danseuse*, to Signor Antonio Bratelli, the tenor. Madame Bratelli, who was so suddenly taken ill yesterday afternoon, is fortunately recovered, and we understand that the happy couple, instead of betaking themselves to solitude and a wedding tour, resume their ordinary avocations. The name of Madamoiselle Maritana is on the bills for to-night, and Signor Bratelli pursues the even tenor of his way."

A mist came between me and the paper, and a thick darkness fell down upon me. When I recovered, it was like returning to life from the gates of death and I wished, with a wild yearning, that I had passed through the gates [illegible] horrible delusion—some fearful trance which had overtaken me, and not a real misery? But there it was still; again and again I read it, and it was always the same. Was it not some cruel jest of my friends—some one who had heard and disapproved of my intended marriage? My uncle, perhaps. A ray of hope lighted up the darkness of my heart. It was a jest—a cruel, cruel jest, but yet a jest. Maritana was still my own.

Leaving my untasted breakfast, I set off to walk to the house immediately, and almost flew on my way thither.

The maid, whom I knew very well, admitted me to Maritana's parlor. She was pale, and her eyes were red, I thought, as I looked at her; but I didn't stop to think why.

"Where is your mistress?" I asked.

"Madame has gone," she faltered.

"*Madame?* I didn't ask for Mrs. Desiree; I want Madamoiselle. Where is Maritana, my wife—my wife? You know who I mean, girl."

"Alas, sir, Madame is not at home; and if she were I don't think she would see you."

"Is it true, then, that which I thought a foul, a horrible lie?" I asked between my teeth grasping her arm.

"It is true," sobbed the girl, bursting into tears; "and my mistress's heart is broken."

I staggered out of the room without a word. Before I reached the bottom of the stairs the girl was beside me again.

"There is something Madame wished me to give you, sir."

It was a little rose-covered book, marked "Diary," which I had often sportively threatened to steal. I had not sufficient life left to refuse it now; jealousy, rage, disappointment, all had given place to overwhelming grief. I took the book, and with a shiver and a groan I could not repress, I thrust it into my breast-pocket. Mechanically I went to my office and busied myself with my ordinary duties. I saw that my uncle looked at me compassionately, but I made no sign that could induce him to put his sympathy into words. All that day I moved and acted like an automaton, and when the evening came I took my way towards the theatre as of old.

She was there; wan and ghostlike, her face deadly pale, her hollow eyes ringed about with dark circles, her features pinched and drawn, her very hair pale and lustreless, and her form, even, shrunk and bereft of its willowy grace, its lithe suppleness, since I had seen her last.

It was a pale spectre of Maritana. Whatever had separated us, she was as wretched as myself; and that thought was something like comfort to my sore heart as I took my dreary way homewards.

Alone in my own room, as I threw off my overcoat, the little rose-colored book tumbled out of my pocket. I took it up with sad curiosity. Perhaps it contained some solution of the cause of my sudden misery.

I turned over the first pages, on which were written the joyous outpourings of an innocent heart, all breathing of love for me, from that first night when I had renewed my acquaintance with her up to the last night on which I parted from her so happy and confident in her love. Tears wet the leaves as I read and turned them over. Then I came to the last day of which there was a record. The date was written in her own frank, free handwriting; and then came writing on paper blistered with tears—writing that, though cramped, and evidently written with stiffened, pulseless fingers, I still recognised as hers. And here is the secret of the diary:—

"George's uncle called to see me to-day. I was much pleased, though a little frightened. I had felt hurt and sorry, but not offended—what right had I to be offended?—that none of his relatives had shown any disposition to become acquainted with me. But I was scarcely prepared for the revelation made to me in Mr. Alcroft's first words, that George had not spoken to them at all about his intended marriage with myself.

"After saluting me and taking the seat I offered, Mr. Alcroft broke the awkward silence by saying:

"'Is it true, young lady, as I have heard it rumored, that my nephew, Mr. George Alcroft, proposes to marry you?'

"I suppose George's uncle did not intend to convey so much insult in the tone of his inquiry as I felt in it but I am sensitive, and I take fire readily. I answered, with a haughty manner, 'I believe that your nephew intends me that honor.'

"'Then I am very glad that I have called on you, Miss Desiree; for the sooner you know that George can never marry you the better it will be for all parties concerned.'

"'Sir!' I gasped, almost fainting, and holding on to the arms of my chair.

"'I did not mean to hurt your feelings, poor girl; I will not say that you have inveigled my nephew into proposing marriage with you for the sake of a fine establishment, and the wealth he will bye-and-bye become the possessor of, for this I do not believe of you—you do not look like an intriguing and heartless woman of the world, such as I was prepared to find you. Innocence and candor are expressed upon your face, and I am sure that you truly love George.'

"'Oh, I thank you, sir,' I interrupted him, with tears, 'for that confidence in me. I do indeed love George, truly, dearly, with all my heart; and as to his position, I scarcely know what it is, except that I know him to be a gentleman, and I never knew or thought of his being wealthy or ever likely to become so.'

"'I believe you, poor child! I believe you, and my heart aches at the thought of bringing such misery upon you. But if you truly love my nephew you would not be the first to bring disgrace upon him—for the world would call it disgrace; you would not stand between him and all his brightest prospects in life—you would not blast a brilliant and successful future which opens before him?'

"'Oh, heaven forbid!'

"'You are a good girl, and you will nerve yourself to hear the truth when I tell you that George is a ruined man the day that makes you his wife.'

"'Involuntarily I covered my ears from the sound of these dreadful words and his voice, which seemed to be the voice of Fate pronouncing a terrible sentence upon me. The room grew dark, and a rushing sound was in my head, as if all the blood in my body throbbed to my temples. Almost as suddenly as it had come, this feeling passed away and I felt a strange, cold calm settle down on me; my hands dropped from my head and lay listless in my lap, and I listened to many quiet convincing words spoken to me as if in another world, and coming from far, far away.

"Something there was about his inability to change the customs of the world, the impossibility of going against all the laws of society—the necessity of my present suffering for George's sake, and much more that I scarcely heard, and didn't understand; and then George's uncle rose and took my hand.

"'You will save George from all this humiliation, from this shame; if you love him you will rather suffer than bring suffering on him; for, believe me, a marriage with you would soon become bitter suffering to him. May I trust you?'

"'You may trust me,' I said, and almost started at the sound of my own voice, it was so changed and hollow.

"He raised my hand to his lips and kissed it.

"'I could wish that it might be otherwise,' he said; 'you are a good and lovely girl, and you have my respect.'

"The door closed after him.

"His respect! At what a price; oh, my poor broken heart! Elise came in soon after, and had to carry me to bed.

"I was ill, George, when you came, and ill or well you were the last person I could see then—I must never, never see you any more.

"At first I thought I might have the poor pleasure of living true to your memory and your dear love for the rest of my weary life. But I knew my own weakness too well. If I ever saw you again (and I knew you would find the means to see me) I felt assured I should forfeit my word to your uncle, and bring upon you all the ruin and disgrace that I, alas! had not foreseen when I promised to marry you.

"Signor Bratelli had long professed love towards me, and had asked me to marry him. I had refused him, but I waived all that, and took means to let him know that I had changed my mind. It was a sudden freak, I said, and I chose to be married this very day, for I knew, George, that you would seek me on the morrow. Oh, George, George, my lover, my own, have I done well or ill? Have I broken your heart as well as my own for the sake of a cruel world that cares nothing for either of us? Did you indeed love me truly and for ever as I love you? Would you have met any fate along with me? For my sake would you have laughed at society's frown? Alas, alas! I know not what I have done! But men are not like women—your uncle said it, George; he said that when your first passion for me had worn off, you would curse me in your heart for the scorn and cold looks I had brought upon you.

"I cannot answer the questions that rise up to me out of the act that I have committed. I am but a poor little girl, ignorant of the world, who loved you dearly, George, and sought to do what, in the end, might be best for you. If I have erred, forgive me; and if you should live to stand on the earth while I lie under it, cold and stiff, think of me, sometimes, dearest, and try to think kindly of your poor Maritana."

It is twenty years since I closed the little rose-colored diary on that sad night on which I first opened it, and laid it upon my heart. I cursed society then, and my uncle, its mouthpiece, and all its whims and laws, and customs that had made my life desolate; and at first I was bitter towards Maritana that she did not wait, and let me answer my uncle, and take all the consequences upon my own shoulders of my own acts. But I could not remain angry with that poor, broken-hearted girl; and though she never saw the sun of another new year, I had forgiven her long ere the violets bloomed, blue and sweet, over her low grave.

I rarely go to the theatre now; to concerts never; and the sight of that great, fat, complacent Italian tenor, whom I sometimes meet in the street, gives me a feeling I dare not stop to analyze. My little boy, who is just at the age to appreciate tumbling and other extraordinary feats of that kind, often begs me to take him to the Circus, and he generally gets his own way. I sit through the performance with the air of a martyr, and sometimes smile at the child's delight.

Sometimes, too, when a little girl on horseback rides round the ring I look at her for a moment through a mist of tears, and [illegible] of the Circus, my boy?"

BURIED ALIVE.

To fall into the trance-like lethargy which follows disease, and only open your eyes in a coffin to die of the choking sensations of bitter reflection and foul air! This has been, alas! the lot of many. The pallor and facial alterations of the honored corpse are received as proofs of his death. But all these are not conclusive evidence that the body is bloodless, and that the soul has left it. A visit to the hospitals or to the private homes of the sick will discover many who, in sleep, present more indications of death than those just about to be removed to the tomb. We have seen such cases, and we can attest the facts. When the supposed dead looks unchanged, except that the eyes have been closed and the face bears the hue of death, it is criminal in the physician to certify to his demise till he makes an examination of the body.

The following facts, showing the numerous instances in which persons have been buried alive, have been collected for many years by a French gentleman, from medical history.

At Toulouse, a lady having been buried in the Church of the Capuchin Friars, with a diamond ring on her finger, a servant entered the vault to steal the ring; and, as the finger was swelled, and the ring would not come off, he began cutting the finger. On hearing a loud shriek from the deceased, the thief fell senseless. At the time of morning prayers, the monks having heard some groans, found the lady alive and the servant dead. Thus death had its prey; there was but a change of victims. This is the true origin of the story which has had such variations.

A street porter in Paris, having died at the Hotel Dieu, was carried, with the other dead, into the same grave. Recovering his senses towards eleven at night, he tore open his winding-sheet, made his way to his house, knocked at the door, which was not opened to him without some difficulty, and took new possession of his lodgings.

At the close of the last century, a woman in Paris was thought to be dead, and the body was put on some straw with a taper at the feet. Some young men who sat up with the corpse, in a frolic overturned the taper. This set the straw on fire. The deceased, whose body the flames now reached, uttered a piercing shriek. Timely assistance was rendered, and she so well recovered, that after her resurrection she became the mother of several children.

On the 21st of November, 1763, the Abbe Prevot, well known for his literary productions, was taken with an apoplectic fit as he was traveling through the forests of Chantilly. Being supposed dead, he was carried to the house of the Mayor of the village, and the magistrate directed a post-mortem examination to be commenced. A piercing shriek uttered by the unfortunate man proved that he was alive. He died under the scalpel.

Dr. Deveux, a surgeon of St Come Hospital, Paris, had a maid, a servant, who had been three times brought to burial. She did not recover her senses the last time till they were lowering her coffin into the grave. That woman having died anew, the body was kept six days, lest they should have to bring her back a fourth time.

A Mr. Rosseau, of Rouen, had married a lady of fourteen, whom he left in perfect health, after starting on a short journey. After a few days he heard that unless he returned immediately he would find his wife buried. On reaching home, he saw the funeral ready. In an agony of grief he had the coffin removed to his room and unscrewed. He placed the body on a bed, and ordered twenty-five incisions to be made on it. At the twenty-sixth, probably deeper than the others, the deceased exclaimed, "How severely you hurt me!" Medical assistance was immediately given. The lady had afterwards six children.

The wife of Mr. Dunamel, a celebrated lawyer, having been supposed dead twenty-four hours, the body was placed on the table for the purpose of preparing it for burial. Her husband strongly opposed it, not believing her dead. To ascertain it, knowing she was very fond of the cymbal and the tunes which cymbal-players sing he called one. On hearing the instrument and the voice, the deceased recovered motion and speech. She survived her apparent death forty years.

Andre Vesale, physician to Charles V. and Philip II., after attending a Spanish grandee, thought him dead. Having obtained leave to examine the body, he had scarcely opened the chest, when he perceived the heart palpitated. The relatives of the deceased prosecuted him as guilty of murder—the Inquisitor as guilty of profaneness. Through the intercession of the King he was sent on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and thus escaped death.

In the sitting of the Royal Academy of Medicine, in 1827, a paper was read by Mr. Chauncey Chatournelle on the danger of hasty inhumations. This led to a discussion, in which Mr. Desgenettes stated that he had heard from Mr. Thourot, who had superintended the human remains of the cemetery and the Charnel-house des Innocens, that many skeletons had been found in positions showing that the individuals had moved in their coffins. Mr. Thourot was so much struck with the revelation, that he caused a clause to be inserted in his will respecting his own interment.

OPENING OF A NEW SKITTLE GROUND.—On the evening of the 29th ult., there was a great gathering of the lovers of skittles at King's new grounds, No. 157 West 41st street, to inaugurate the establishment of a parlor skittle ground there. Several distinguished players were present, and played match games, the principal ones being those between Messrs. Cleaver and Simpson vs. Brinkworth and Weaver, and Pop Tuttle vs. Simpson, and Big Bill vs. Brink, while Buck distinguished himself *a la* Bagatelle. The skittle alley is 50 feet long, of three inch ash boards, and got up in regular parlor style, and is as comfortable and cosy as any to be found in this or any other country.

ON THE MEND.—Harry Couchman, one of the heroes of the war, who received a severe facial wound at Antietam while doing his adopted country service, in the 59th Regt., is around again, looking almost as good as new.

WRESTLING.—A wrestling match for a purse of $150 came off on the 27th ult., at Barton, Alleghany County, Md., in which James Spence proved victor over M. Hartley.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1865.

To Correspondents.

FORRESTONIAN.—The affair took place at Niblo's when Mr. Forrest was playing there under the management of James M. Nixon. It seems that Mrs. B., with a party of "congenial satellites," occupied a private box, and so noisy and obstreperous was their conduct during Mr. Forrest's scenes, that Mr. F., who was playing "Pizarro," was obliged to suspend for a moment his choicest delineations. The curtain descending on the third act, Forrest applied to Nixon. What was said we do not know, but the upshot of it was that Forrest refused to appear again that evening unless "these boorish people be removed." Nixon expostulated, but Forrest was not to be subdued. The audience stamped, whistled and made all kinds of noises for the curtain to go up, but Forrest would not allow it. Finding Forrest immoveable, Nixon went to the private box and informed her "ladyship" of the state of affairs, and requested her and the party not to talk so loudly. But the bold Nixon had scarcely uttered this ere Mrs. B. rose in majestic dignity and magnificently swept out of the theatre, taking her "crowd" with her.

SAXEY, Baltimore.—There was a lady on the English stage forty years ago named Maria Foote. She was a descendant of Samuel Foote, termed the "English Aristophanes," who died in 1776. Miss Foote's father was a soldier in the French army, and was married Oct., 1799, to a Miss Hart. Maria was born on the 24th of the following July. She made her *debut* at twelve years of age at the Plymouth Theatre. She played Amanthis in "The Child of Nature," at the Covent Garden Theatre, when only sweet sixteen. She left the stage March 11, 1831; on the 7th of April following was married to the "Earl of Harrington," and was afterwards known as the "Countess of Harrington."

FRIEND, Philadelphia.—"Four gentlemen sit down to play a game of euchre; the dealer has two to go, in a game of seven; the player next the dealer has one to make; the player on the dealer's right orders it up, and gets euchred. Who wins the money?"......As the euchre put the two players out together, the pool should be divided between them. One of the four players seems to have been left out in the cold by our correspondent. Has the question been correctly stated?

MILWAUKEE.—"A, B, and C are playing poker. B deals, A on his left passes, C 'chips' and B calls, A passing out. C shows his hand and B admits it to be good, surrenders the stakes and throws his hand upon the deck. C insists upon knowing what B held, and bets that under the rules of the game B is obliged to show his hand after calling. B accepts the bet and both parties agree to leave the question to the CLIPPER for decision."......As B made no claim to have won, he could not be compelled to show his hand.

F. W., Pittsburgh.—It was Sheridan and Mack who did the act called the "Nerves" with Tony Pastor's troupe in your city. They were on the house bills for it, but Johnny Wild and M'lle. Bertha were on some of the street bills to do it. The cause of this was, the latter were with the company when it first started, and the bills you saw were some of the old ones. They returned to Tony Pastor's Opera House, in this city, and their places in the traveling troupe were filled by Sheridan and Mack.

HOUSE OF LORDS, Baltimore, Md.—1. In four handed euchre (partner game) where a party is euchred, playing a lone hand, both parties playing against him, does it count the euchreing party four? In all fours, where a party begs a suit, and the dealer afterwards turns up a Jack of the same suit, does the Jack count for the dealer?"......1. No; they can only take two points. 2. Yes.

READERS, Cincinnati.—We have always opposed the proposition that, when a partner assists, the dealer can play it alone; a rule says the point should be settled before beginning the game. In the absence of any specific rule, the customary mode of playing in your city should decide the matter.

TAMBIEN, Denver, C. T.—"Judge S. and myself are playing a game of crib; the Judge leads a four, I play a tray, and the Judge plays a deuce, taking a run of three; I then play a deuce, pairing him; don't I also take a run of three?"......No, sir. You are only entitled to two for the pair.

PILGRIM, Plymouth, Mass.—If A knew that the knife had been loaned, and made the bet accordingly, it was a species of sharp practice to get one dollar out of B by a sort of "constructive fraud," and the wager does not hold good—it is a draw.

DOLLIE.—Ainsley Scott and Aynesly Cook have both at different periods played with Bryants' Minstrels. Cook was there when Jerry Bryant died. He is now in England with an opera troupe. He was a good singer.

W. P. B., Philadelphia.—Low goes out before game. The hands go out in this order, viz: first, high; second, low; third, Jack; fourth and last, game. When Jack is turned up as trump, it is scored immediately.

C. C., Baltimore.—1. The lady is past 34. 2. In this city. 3. About 1855 she commenced her starring tour. 4. No. 26, West 54th street, is the lady's residence in this city. 5. None that we know of.

H. F. T., New York.—1. An American horse has never won the Derby. 2. A mile in a minute has never been accomplished by any horse. 3. As B's mistake was discovered before the cards were bunched, he was entitled to the pool.

TOM COLEMAN, Louisville Ky.—Con Orem and Hugh O'Neil fought in Leviathan Hall, Virginia City, Montano Territory, on the 5th of Jan. The battle lasted 3 hours and 5 minutes, during which 185 rounds were fought.

DICK.—According to Mrs. Inchbald's *British Theatre*, Colley Cibber.

BIG JIM.—"Three Fenians are playing pitch—one of them makes trump, and the two others are tie on game. Which of the aforesaid Fenians takes game?"......The two who tied made one point each.

T. B., Centralia, R. I.—The fastest level mile time in running in England is 4 minutes 17¾ seconds, in a dead heat between Richards and Lang.

SPORT, Centralia, Ohio.—We have not time to spare to hunt it up. If you will let us know the date of the CLIPPER it appeared in we will send it to you.

J. J. T., Buffalo.—There is no law to prevent you from dramatizing another person's story for the stage, but it is an act of courtesy to obtain the author's consent before doing so.

DELEVAN HOUSE, Albany.—The lady first appeared, after her return from England, at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, and then came to Niblo's.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—The Academy, New York, will seat more than the Academy in your city. The New Bowery will seat more than the New York Academy.

MARCUS.—The Atlantic Base Ball Club, of Brooklyn, and the Athletic, of Philadelphia, have played two games this season, and the Atlantics have won both.

C. T. E., Washington, D. C.—1. We are not sufficiently posted in the gentleman's antecedents to give you the information. 2. Thanks for report, but be lenient towards the conquered.

SUBSCRIBER, Pittsburgh.—You would find it a difficult matter to get hold of any one who would teach you the art without cash down.

CONSTANT READER, Lewiston, Me.—We know of no such agency or bureau, and if we did we should advise you not to make application.

ROMULUS.—It is not against the rules to hit with the open hand, for nothing is to be gained by it.

W. F., Pittsburgh.—Send your order to this office and it will be attended to.

C. H. S., Walcottville, Conn.—See answer to "Readers, Cincinnati."

J. RIDER, Charleston, S. C.—It was Jim Heenan that died; John is alive, in England.

A VET, St. Louis.—The battle of Waterloo took place June 18, 1815, and Napoleon Bonaparte died at St. Helena, May 5, 1821.

OBSERVER, Steubenville.—Items of interest in the sporting world are always acceptable.

S. E. H., Hamilton, Ohio.—Probably you may hear from the party in a few days; if not, the notice shall appear.

MAYFIELD, Memphis.—Mert was considered one of the best performers of the "Essence of Old Virginny" in the business.

T. L., Buffalo.—Items always acceptable. Your letter came to hand one day too late for our last issue.

SPORT, Philadelphia.—Dooney Harris and Patsey Marley fought at Gwynned Station, Pa., May 4, 1864.

MOSE, Troy.—We have not a copy of the CLIPPER you want in the office.

F. D., Steamship Catherine Whiting.—We already had all the news of your second disaster in type when your letter arrived.

D. M. SINCLAIR, Marlboro, Mass.—Tom Hyer died June 26th, 1864, in this city.

24TH STREET.—A description of the place was given in the CLIPPER of Nov. 4th.

JAMES DAVIS, Chicago.—See answer to T. B.

W. B., San Francisco.—Letter received and forwarded to Mr. Florence.

S. W.—Wednesday evening, May 9, 1849, the Astor Place Opera House riot took place.

A CONSTANT READER, Altoona.—Morrissey weighed 168 lbs. when he fought Heenan.

SONG AND DANCE, Carlisle.—If you can do a good act you could get from $15 to $20 a week.

J. H.—Inquire of W. B. Harrison, at Barnum's Museum, who doubtless will give you all the information you require.

JOSEPH G., Philadelphia.—The Derby stakes race is for three years olds.

H. L. H., Scorer for Olympic Club, Philadelphia.—Thank you; but you will observe that we had it in last week's CLIPPER.

C. H. W., Niles, Mich.—We have no rules with which we can furnish you. They are not published for sale.

J. C. T., Swatara.—We can only refer you to some good veterinary surgeon.

DE ECOSSEE.—Apply to the tax assessor of your district.

P. P., Philadelphia.—They will be resumed at an early day.

JACK PERCY.—The sketch will appear.

WM. M. DAVIS.—We have a letter for you.

M. H., Washington, D. C.—The money sent is just right.

J. S. B., St. Louis.—He has received the letters.

FUNERAL.—Bill Poole died March 8, 1855.

SHORT BOY.—Kit Burns, of Water street, has a dog pit.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Thursday, December 7th, having been designated by the President as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, will be observed in this city very generally, but there will not be much praying done. Thanksgiving has become one of our holidays, like Christmas and 4th of July, and the people go in for having a jolly good time. The theatres will be open day and evening, and those who want seats will have to be on hand early.

THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC, for 1866, has just been published by A. Winch, 505 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

FAST LIFE AND DEATH.

The death of the pugilistic hero of his day, Tom Sayers—of which a notice appeared in our last—is but another exemplification of the truism that a "fast life," as it is called in fancy circles, is but the sure precursor of a speedy death. But a few years ago, when Tom Sayers met the redoubtable John C. Heenan in a trial for superiority in the science of manual defence and physical endurance, their names were upon every tongue, and column after column was written concerning the high state of physical condition which those men had attained by a proper course of training. At that time they were the perfection of physical manhood. It was necessary that they should be so, for the contest they were about to engage in was to be no child's play—it was to be a struggle in which health, and strength, and courage would assert themselves, and crown with victory the man in whom they were most predominant. How were these requisites to the success of the pugilist brought about? By leading a temperate life; by regularity in eating and drinking and sleeping; by a total avoidance of dissipation; abstinence from wine and women; by daily exercise in the open air; habits of cleanliness, etc. While Heenan and Sayers pursued such a system they enjoyed robust and vigorous health, and were "fit to fight for a man's life." The contest over, however, those powerful athletes forgot all about their health, and with boon companions went back to their old habits—wine and women were their idols, night was turned into day, they ate and drank at all hours; they slept when and where they happened to feel like it, sometimes in an arm chair in a bar room: the regular habits they had adopted in training were all discarded, and they lived a life of dissipation and destruction. Disease gradually undermined the heretofore iron constitution of the courageous Sayers, a complication of diseases ended in consumption, and Death gave the knock down and the finishing blow to the once powerful pugilist. Heenan also failed in health, and at one time there were strong indications that he, too, would succumb to the disease which carried off Tom Sayers.

Some years ago, 1841 we think it was—a pugilist left this city for England on a "professional tour." His name was Charles Freeman, but owing to his great stature and strength he was called "the American Giant." His height was six feet ten and a half inches, and his weight, when he was in what is called "condition," was *two hundred and fifty pounds!* His appearance in London created a sensation in sporting circles—he was in excellent health, strong as an ox almost, and a model of physical developement. Of course he became a lion—was matched to fight the Tipton Slasher (also a big 'un), met him and defeated him, and there an end. From that time his fate was sealed. His success over the great Slasher made him the hero of the day; his society was courted by high and low; he drank the best of wines with the Corinthians and the worst of gins with the East Enders; he gave no thought of the morrow; he lived a fast life, and in less than three years he died at Winchester Hospital, of consumption, at the early age of twenty eight years. Dissipation and disease had so reduced him that at the time of his death the "American giant" weighed but *one hundred and forty pounds!*

Tom Hyer had an iron constitution, but it could not withstand the terrible inroads made upon it by the indulgences and excesses which are the concomitants of a fast life. Who does not remember his meeting with Yankee Sullivan, and his defeat of that fighting gladiator? Sullivan possessed a knowledge of the science of manual defence in a high degree; he was shrewd and cunning, and was well posted in those little tricks of the ring which frequently win a battle for a man where sheer strength might fail; but in this instance Hyer's superior strength and stamina proved an overmatch for the science and cunning of the "Yankee," as he was called, and the redoubtable Sullivan, contrary to his own as well as the expectations of his friends, was compelled to cry "hold, enough!" A "fast life" followed—Hyer was feasted and feted everywhere, friends and money in profusion were at his command, and he, too, succumbed to disease. The last time we saw this once powerful man he was slowly tottering through Ann street, leaning on the arms of a couple of friends for support; he could have been floored with a straw; he lived but a little while after this—his system was broken up, constitution gone, and Death took away the remains of the wreck. Fast life did it.

We could enumerate scores of similar cases, not confined to sporting circles merely, but embracing members of the theatrical, minstrel, circus, and even clerical profession. How many of our minstrel friends have passed away within a few years! Full of life, and in the enjoyment of health, they played their brief hour upon the stage, became popular, their society was courted [illegible] their tracks." We tell you, friends, this "fast life" will hasten your death; you don't feel its effects at first, but it is like a slow poison, it is eating you up piece by piece, until there is nothing left to keep soul and body together, and Death steps in. Thousands of young men and women can be seen in our streets every day who are living a "fast life;" they are sowing the seeds of disease which will bring a fast death; they cannot hope to escape while they pursue this fast, this vicious course of life. Look around you. Is there one among our readers who at some time has not mourned the decease of some "fast" friend, the victim of fast life? What does this fast life consist of that it should prove so destructive? It consists of riot and dissipation, of sleepless nights, criminal indulgences, wine and women, and diseases which poison the entire system. Our young men are lured by the glare of "fast life;" they see not the perils which accompany it. Place them within its range; give them scope; throw open the channels of Metropolitan intercourse, amid the hidden springs of human affairs and the charms of novelty; allow them to be once "endorsed" within its sphere, with gay women by their side, and the Devil to spur them onward, and dissipation will closely wrap them up, before they have time to know or realize it, within its destructive folds. It is an early death. Fast life may have its charms, but it has its perils, its consequences as well. Life can be enjoyed without going into excesses; drink, if you will touch the convivial bowl, in moderation; eat regularly and prudently; pass a portion of your time in the pleasant society of virtuous women; enjoy yourself at the theatre, at the minstrel hall, at the circus, at the museum; take daily exercise, not too much, but take it regularly; sleep seven or eight hours every night, have some legitimate business to attend to, and neglect it not. In this way you will enjoy life, you will preserve your vigor, and health, and strength; you will be sound in body and clear in mind; you will be the more able to ward off the attacks of disease should an epidemic visit us; in fact, you will be a happy man, while our "fast" friend is hurrying on to an untimely death.

Sporting men are too careless regarding their health, prize fighters especially. They take great care in preparing themselves for an encounter in the ring, avoiding everything calculated to impair the physical powers, and living an exemplary life for the time being; but the moment their match is decided off, they start on a "kantico," drinking the rankest of liquors, slumbering in the arms of the worst of courtesans, making beasts of themselves at the table, turning night into day, and thereby undoing all the good accomplished by their prudent habits while training. Beware of a "fast life" if you would escape a "fast death."

A BETTING RACE.—The election for Mayor of the city of New York, to be decided on the 5th of Dec., will prove to have been one of the greatest political betting events ever known here. The whole thing is a muddle, and it will require some shrewd figuring to cypher the result down very closely. Fernando Wood and Horace Greeley—just think of it!—are working their dough for Hecker; the Repubs. are putting their soap on thick for Roberts; the War Democrats are making a clear record of it for Hoffman; while Fernandy's old crowd, Mozart and the rebellious sympathisers, stick to Gunther; the latter will probably be skinned as clean as some of the animals which furnish him with furs; Hecker will need a little more time before *he* can be raised to the high office; the race, therefore, looks narrowed down to Roberts and Hoffman, and if we were forced to select the probable winner between those two, we should pin our faith and stick our stamps on Roberts, providing some one of the other runners didn't fly the track, and draw out. Immense sums of money are being expended by each candidate, and the "boys" are reaping a glorious harvest.

EXTRAORDINARY VOCAL PERFORMANCE.—Our neighbor of the *Herald*, who has undertaken the herculean task of writing up Grau's Opera Troupe, in Chicago, has already brought to light many operatic curiosities, and others are promised us; but the most novel, the most extraordinary of all was discovered last week. In a very fulsome notice of the Opera of Saffo, produced at the Chicago Opera House, on the 27th ult., the *Herald* says:—

"Gazzaniga's recitations, especially the one before the quartet *De altra donna*, was something we can hear but seldom in one's lifetime. *The quartet itself was charmingly rendered by Gazzaniga*, and had to be repeated."

Now we have heard of several persons having double voices, and have listened to Dora Dawron, who is one of them; but really, we must confess that this is the first time we ever heard of a singer with four voices! It is not at all surprising that the Chicago audience *encored* Gazzaniga's stupendous and remarkable performance of singing a quartet.

FINE SPORT.—Four gentlemen of San Francisco, Cal., recently shot in four hours, among the hills back of San Leandro, 127 quail, single birds, and the same party have killed in one day's shooting 174 quail and three hares.

THE PUGILIST AND THE STATESMAN.

Some years ago a prominent sporting character of this city, known as Bill Poole, was killed in a disturbance which occurred in the bar-room of Stanwix Hall, then located on Broadway, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel. The circumstances connected with Poole's death, together with his popularity among certain classes in this city, awakened a deep interest in the public mind, and created an unmistakable feeling of sympathy for the family of the deceased. His funeral, which was very largely attended, took place on a Sabbath-day, and the streets through which the cortege passed were crowded with spectators. Of course every little particular connected with the death and burial of Bill Poole was made the most of by the press of this city, the many marks of respect paid to the memory of the deceased were made the text for a series of editorials in every section of the country, while the press of London took up the cue, and sounded *its* thunder in a manner intended to bring ridicule upon the press of this country for its extended reports of the event, and upon the many friends of the murdered man for the interest they manifested in the funeral obsequies, which were certainly conducted in a quiet, orderly and impressive manner. All this occurred in New York city, in the month of March, 1855.

Within the past few weeks, the decease of two noted characters has taken place in London. One was that of Lord Palmerston, Premier of England's Political Ring; the other, that of Tom Sayers, Premier of England's Prize Ring; each man was equally esteemed in his own circle, and each performed equally important parts in their respective lines of business. Both are now dead, both entombed; and the same press of London which ridiculed New York for the part she took in the funeral solemnities of a murdered sporting character, the same London press which devoted columns to a record of the death and burial of Lord Palmerston, has been equally careful of the memory of the "Dead Boxer"—Tom Sayers. In fact, we cannot tell which has been the most elaborately described by the London papers, the obsequies of the Great Statesman, or those of the equally Great Pugilist. Marks of respect were shown to the latter, marks of respect from the humble and the lowly, which were *not* shown on the occasion of the Palmerston obsequies. London turned out in strength to do honor to the remains of the pugilist, that pugilist whom Lord Palmerston and other "Lords of high degree" applauded for his conduct in his memorable fight with John C. Heenan, and towards the "annuity" for whose support the Premier contributed ten pounds. The assemblage which witnessed the funeral procession of Poole, in this city, was as nothing compared to the throngs which lined the roads through which the Sayers cortege passed—we are told by the London press that stores along the route were closed on the day of the funeral—that the hearse and mourning coaches could with difficulty force their way through the surging crowd—and we are told by the same authority (which ridiculed the orderly procession which followed the remains of Bill Poole to the grave, and quietly interred them) that the police were unable to preserve order at the cemetery where the dead pugilist was buried, that collisions took place between the mob and the police, that the band of music, while playing the "Dead March in Saul," were broken in upon by the mob, their instruments sent flying over their heads, and themselves running for safety. All these things are minutely described by the London papers, with as much importance as they described the Palmerston obsequies only a few weeks previously. In certain respects the dead boxer outranked the dead statesman. Life in London is only equalled by death in London, and New York has much to learn ere she can equal the British metropolis in sensations, and lawlessness and crime. An account of the Sayers Sensation Funeral will be found in another part of this paper.

DEATH OF A CELEBRATED THIEF.—John Thompson, better known as "Tobacco Jack," one of the oldest and most experienced professional thieves known to the police of Philadelphia, dropped dead in Chestnut street, Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, Nov, 30th.

FUNERAL OF TOM SAYERS.

On Wednesday, Nov. 15th, was presented in the north-western part of London, England, a scene which is seldom witnessed, and which furnished an episode in the annals of the British Prize Ring never to be forgotten by those who gazed upon it. On that eventful day was conveyed to the place of interment, in Highgate Cemetery, all that was mortal of the late distinguished ex-champion of England, the gallant Tom Sayers, who has fought his last battle, and been compelled to strike his colors to the irresistible conqueror against whose attacks human power and science availeth not. The crowd gathered together to witness [illegible] casion. The assemblage was of a very heterogeneous character, composed of all classes of society, the common laborer turning out with he of noble birth, to do honor to the deceased gladiator. There can be no doubt that the majority of persons who thronged the line of procession from Camden Town to the Highgate Cemetery, were induced to be present from the recollection of the pluck, skill and renown of the Champion, but there were many who turned into the suburban streets to witness what they termed "the interment of the Prize Ring," as well as the body of Tom Sayers. It is felt, and must be acknowledged, that pugilism has "fallen from its high estate," and that Sayers is the last representative man of his class who will ever hold high rank as an exponent of the noble art of self-defence. This conviction was strong upon the minds of many, and they doubtless considered that from Sayers' funeral would date the decline and fall of the P. R. Hence the event possessed a significance in the social history of the age, and reflective persons whispered not only peace to his ashes, but farewell to the "glories" of pugilism.

The arrangements for the mournful ceremony were entrusted by Sayers' executor, Mr. H. Bennett, to Mr. Mensley of Camden Town, an old friend, beneath whose hospitable roof the departed pugilist passed the last few months of his existence. The procession was preceded by a body of policemen, who cleared the way; then came a band of music, composed of professionals who had volunteered their services, and performed the "Dead March in Saul," and other appropriate pieces, as the imposing *cortege* wended its way, slowly and solemnly, toward the city of the dead. Following the hearse came the well known miniature phæton, in which Tom was so often observed driving through the streets of the English metropolis; it was covered with black velvet, and its sole occupant was the favorite mastiff which always accompanied Sayers in his drives and walks, and which, to judge from his sad and mournful appearance, as he lay with his head between his huge paws, was as fully aware of the painful errand upon which he was bent as any of the human beings present. Next to the trap came the first mourning coach, in which were Tom's father, his eldest brother, and his children, young Tom and Sarah. In the other coaches, of which there were five, followed Tom's brother Richard, his brother-in-law, Mr. B. King, Mr. H. Bennett, Mr. Mensley, Mr. Warner, old Nat Langham, Harry Brunton, Jemmy Welsh, and other friends and admirers. Behind these followed a perfect string of broughams, hansom cabs and vehicles of all kinds, containing the majority of the London pugilists, all anxious to testify their esteem for the departed. Among these were Jem Ward, (the ex-champion), Tom King, Jack Grant, George Iles, Billy Duncan, Dan Collins, Bob Travers, Billy and Jemmy Shaw, Bos Tyler, &c., &c. The absence of Heenan and Mace from the *cortege* appeared to be the subject of general remark. It was the universal impression that the American would be present and perform a last sad act toward his old opponent by following his inanimate body to the grave; but Heenan, who, as is well known, now follows the occupation of "bookmaking," visiting all the race meetings, was not on hand, being at the Shrewsbury meeting. Owing to the length of the procession and the difficulty of forcing a passage through the surging masses of humanity, it was almost dark when the simple and impressive burial service was concluded, and all that was earthly of "poor Tom" was lowered to its last resting place. The coffin was simply covered with black cloth, bearing an ordinary brass plate, upon which was inscribed:—"Thomas Sayers, born May 15th, 1826, died Nov. 8, 1865." The following remarks, which we clip from the London *Sporting Life*, will serve to counteract the effects of unjust statements made by some of the English writers concerning the "roughs" who stormed the cemetery gates:—"Certain writers have endeavored to cast stigma upon the name of Sayers as if his funeral brought together an exceptional number of blackguards, but we can safely state that it was made up of the usual miscellaneous elements of an English mob, far more decorous than those multitudes who gave vent to jovial but ill-timed outbursts at Wellington's funeral, and much better conducted than the reckless roughs who indulge in bonnetting and assaulting every well dressed person on a Lord Mayor's day. Indeed, the police authorities will bear us out in stating that the crowd was on the whole remarkably tractable. There was no more 'disgraceful' display than the very pardonable desire on the part of the crowd to see the last of their hero, and the only way to accomplish this was to bring a little pressure to bear from the outside. The many hundreds who gained admission behaved themselves with marked decorum, and instead of there being a rush to enter the sacred precincts of the chapel, as stated, the officiating minister's voice was heard amid solemn silence; and when the reverend gentleman headed the procession to the grave, the 'roughs' unmistakably showed genuine sorrow, and followed in the wake as after some near and dear relative." And thus ends the career of the illustrious Tom Sayers—cut down in the prime of manhood by a disease brought on by the errors of life into which a disposition naturally sociable and yielding caused him to be easily led. Good by Tom! *Requiescat in pace!*

THE INTERNATIONAL SCULLING MATCH.

We are gratified to perceive by our foreign exchanges that there is at last a reasonable prospect of the manly, straightforward proposition of our aquatic champion, Jimmy Hamill, meeting with a favorable response from the crack oarsman of the Thames, Harry Kelley. As was expected, however, the English champion refuses to row in this country, and if the match should take place, Hamill, like all the American champions who have figured in international matches with the sons of England, will be compelled to beard the lion in his den, and take the chances of being shown a "fair field and no favor" upon foreign waters. The *Sporting Life* thus alludes to the subject:

"We believe that our champion (Kelley) is willing to accept Hamill's challenge to row in England, three races—viz., one of five miles, right away; one, two miles out, round a boat and home; and one, half a mile out and home—for £250 each match, Kelley to allow the American £100 expenses. These proposals to row out and home, wherever put forward, always appear to us childish when applied to wager-boats as these craft are eminently ill adapted for turning, and the power of getting round quickly is no criterion of a fast sculler. Still, as these are the conditions of the challenge, we think Kelley has done well to accept it, and shall expect, when the preliminaries are arranged, to see him 'doing work' in and out of the buttresses of the Aqueduct opposite his 'drum,' in addition to the customary breathers over the course."

THE RING.

PRIZE FIGHT IN MONTANO TERRITORY.

CON OREM vs. PATSY MARLEY.

MARLEY DECLARED THE VICTOR IN 96 ROUNDS.

This event, which has absorbed the interest of the sporting public of Virginia City and the regions round about for some time past, was satisfactorily brought off at St. Helena or Last Chance Flat, Montano Territory, on Nov. 8th. We have not received a full account of the affair and can only give the result. After fighting ninety-six rounds in a most determined manner, both men being severely punished, the approach of darkness necessitated a postponement of the battle, the referee ordering the men to meet again on the following morning. When the morrow arrived, however, it was found that Orem was too badly used up to face the music again; consequently the stakes were awarded to Patsy. About 2500 spectators were present, at $5 a head, the receipts, $12,500, being divided between the principals—quite a snug little sum as a compensation for a few hours pummeling. Pugilism ought to flourish in that "deestrick" under such circumstances.

BOXING NIGHT AT SAN FRANCISCO.

The American Theatre, San Francisco, California, was densely crowded with the sporting gentry who flourish in that go-aheadative city on the evening of November 1st, attracted thither by the inducements offered by a sparring tourney then and there given for the benefit of that accomplished and popular boxer, Barney Farley, who was to try conclusions with Tommy Chandler in the magic enclosure on the 23d ult. The exercises consisted entirely of fistic displays, which were of a quality and length calculated to give satisfaction "to all whom it may concern." The following well-known exponents of the art pugilistic, with others whose names have not transpired, contributed to the success of the exhibition: Young Dwyer, Tommy Chandler, Johnny Walker, Jack Riley, of Boston, Billy McManus, Dutch Sam, Charlie McIntyre, of China; Cummings, Tommy McNiff, Joe Winroe, Tom O'Donnell, Barney Farley and Jerry Sullivan, of Liverpool. The best display of the evening was that between Billy McManus and Charlie McIntyre, who engaged in a regular glove fight, pummelling each other after a most energetic fashion, and causing the cochineal to flow in limpid streams. The match between the *beneficiaire* and Tommy Chandler was looked upon with much interest by the "fancy" population; everything was progressing favorably at last accounts, and a game battle was expected to take place. Tommy O'Donnell was to be one of Farley's esquires, and Chandler was taking his breathings under the direction of the noted Johnny Walker, which is a sufficient guarantee that he would be in proper trim on the eventful day.

THE BRITISH P. R. CHAMPIONSHIP.

Nothing definite has as yet transpired relative to the challenges and counter-challenges which have lately appeared in the London sporting journals over the signatures of Mace, O'Baldwin and Goss, the three aspirants for the enviable title of Champion of England, and matters continue to present a decidedly mixed and unsatisfactory appearance. Goss seems exceedingly anxious to have a shy at Jem for the Champion's belt, £200 a side, and the Championship, and says that although his fighting weight is 10st 10lb, he is willing to allow his opponent to scale 11st 4lb. They had an interview at the office of the *Ill. Sporting News*, but failed to come to a satisfactory understanding. That paper thus speaks of the matter:

"We had hoped that Mace would have succeeded in completing a match with O'Baldwin or Goss ere this, but up to the hour of going to press we are floundering in the dark. The only tangible proposition we have heard is that emanating from Jesse Hatton, who proposes that we should allow Iles and O'Baldwin to fight for the Belt and 100 sovs, and that Mace should meet the winner for the trophy and whatever sum he may like to mention. O'Baldwin assures us that Mace offered last week to fight him, after he had met Iles, for the Belt we offer, and in a bi-weekly contemporary we find Mace offering Goss extra time, if he thinks proper to enter the arena with him. All this is very well, but it does not please us, and we beg most emphatically to state that the *Illustrated Sporting News* Belt will not be disposed of in this summary and hole-and-corner style. Mace says he is really anxious *to fight* for the Belt, and, as there is now a prospect of his getting on two matches, we think he had best bind both his customers at once, and let us have a definite programme to place before the public. At all events, we must be thoroughly satisfied that there is no chicanery in the business before we proceed to take another step."

A GRAND ASSAULT AT ARMS.

THE initiatory exhibition of the present season was given by the pupils of George Heintz, Professor in Henry Gebbard's gymnasium, on the 2d inst., at the rooms of the institution, corner of 5th Avenue and 22d street. The entertainments consisted entirely of exercises with the bayonet and lance, and fencing with foils, broadswords and rapiers. As a general thing those participating acquitted themselves very creditably, displaying a proficiency which afforded a sufficient indication of the excellence of the qualifications possessed by their instructor in these useful as well as graceful accomplishments. Mr. De Posier's evolutions with the lance constituted the great feature of the exhibition, and elicited hearty and deserved applause. Mr. De P. was formerly an officer in a regiment of lancers in the Prussian army, and is *au fait* in the manipulation of this ancient and formidable weapon. There were several others whose performances were deserving of particular mention, but their names have slipped our memory. About 150 persons were present, and as accommodations had been provided for but about one-fourth that number, we presume the expectations of the management were fully realized, and the exhibition may therefore be termed a success pecuniarily, as well as otherwise. We are pleased to learn that the gymnasium is in a prosperous condition at present, and new members are being constantly admitted. The appointments of the establishment are complete, and everything appertaining to a first class school for the strengthening and development of [illegible]

ILES AND O'BALDWIN.—These big'uns have been matched to fight for £50 a side, Bob Travers staking on the part of Iles, and Jesse Hatton putting up the "sovs" for the Hibernian. They are to be at catch weight. To come off within three months. They were to meet at Bob Travers's, on Nov. 21st, to draw up articles. The match excites much interest, and it is supposed, if brought off satisfactorily, of which there is little doubt, that it will produce the future candidate for the championship. £1 a side is staked, to be made into £5 a side, at *Bell's Life* office, on the 24th ult.

DEATH OF MR. NATHANIEL SHARP.—Another person identified with the greatest pugilistic encounter of modern times—the battle of Farnborough—has dropped from among the group in Newbold's historical picture, within a few hours of Tom Sayer's. Mr. Nathaniel Sharp, a London, Eng. prize-ring reporter for many years, died Nov. 11th, of pulmonary consumption. He was engaged at different periods on the *Era*, *Sporting Life*, and other sporting newspapers. Mr. Sharp was a man of considerable natural ability, and in his best days was a remarkably accurate and graphic reporter. He was well known to many of the fraternity on this side of the Atlantic, who will hear of his demise with regret.

BART BRANAN ON DECK.—This individual, who hails from the Quaker City, and is itching for fistic notoriety, sends a pugnacious document to our office, intimating his willingness to fight "any man in the United States for from $500 to $1,000 a side, at 130 lbs, give or take nothing." Any one wishing to test the effect of his pugilistic abilities on Bart's anatomy, is told that man and ducats are ready at any time at Ned Maze's Hotel, north east corner 19th and South streets, Philadelphia. A forfeit would have looked more like business.

A CARD.—Little Billy Clark, designing shortly to visit England professionally, takes this early occasion to state, that as a preliminary to the intended voyage he will fight any man in this country not exceeding in weight *one hundred and five pounds*, and for any sum of money, from one dollar to one thousand. He takes especial pleasure in directing the attention of Johnny Keating to this note, with the positive assurance, notwithstanding his asseveration to the contrary, that his acceptance of the gauntlet thrown down would cause the highest personal satisfaction in the event of *his meaning* fight—not in the manner and style of the last proposed encounter between us, in which I am *credibly* informed he paid the *bonus* of one hundred dollars to have himself arrested and *bailed* for ten thousand. What I desire is a square fight, and in accordance with the recognized rules of the prize ring. If he or any man accepts the proposition he can find me, with the ready money always on hand, at Jim Colbert's, corner of Crosby and Houston streets. WM. CLARK.

N. B.—Keating may rely upon my readiness to meet him at any hour and for any sum at a moment's notice.

BARNEY AARON *vs.* JIM TURNER.—The backers of these lightweights were to have had a second meeting at Jem Colbert's, on the 27th ult., for the purpose of putting up an additional deposit of $175 apiece, and drawing up articles for the fight arranged between them for $500 a side. Barney was around with the necessary "soap," but the representatives of the Philadelphia man failed to make themselves visible to the anxious optics of the "party of the first part." After waiting some time a telegram was received from Turner's friends, stating their inability to be present, and requesting that the meeting be postponed until Friday, Dec. 1st. This was granted, and at the time designated the Aaron party were punctually on the ground, but again the Turnerites failed to turn up, either in person or otherwise. Of course Barney was entitled to forfeit, but refused to claim it, magnanimously concluding to allow the backers of Jimmy a few days grace. It is very doubtful whether the match will go on, as the Philadelphia men appear rather shy.

AROUND AGAIN.—Tommy Clark, more generally known as "Scotty of Philadelphia's" brother, has recovered from the severe attack of sickness from which he has been suffering for several months, and is once more circulating among the boys. The expenses attendant upon his lengthy prostration have drawn pretty heavily upon Tom's exchequer, in view of which fact his friends have made arrangements for a sparring tournament for his benefit. The exhibition will take place at Franklin Hall, Sixth street, Philadelphia, on the evening of Dec. 11th. Bill Davis heads the list of boxing talent who have volunteered their services, including Barney Mullin, Paddy Maloy, the Belfast Barber, Jim Turner, Jimmy Haley, and Bob Snibe. The wind-up will be between the Scotty and Johnny Willis, of Frankfort. We trust the sports of old Filly will give Clark a rouser.

COCK FIGHT AT ALBANY, N. Y.—This species of amusement appears to be greatly in vogue among the sports who have their habitation and home at the Capital. Another main of 5 cocks was fought last week between Arthur Duncan of Greenbush, and Dan Ragen of East Albany, for $50 a side and $25 a match. The first match was at 4lbs, Ragen producing a grey cock and Duncan a brown. The former won after a game battle. Duncan next introduced a black red and Ragen a clear jet; no fight, the red skedaddling. This was followed by the same cock for Ragen, Duncan bringing forth a pile. In heeling the pile Duncan became so excited that he turned the heel upside down, thereby losing the match and main. Ragen was the favorite in the betting. Referee, Tim Dunn; Stakeholder, Martin Flynn; Umpires, Bill Hardman for Ragen; Bill Tallman for Duncan.

DOG DISPUTE.—We omitted to mention in our last the result of a dog dispute which took place in Philadelphia on November 20th. The match was between John Shannon's brindle and white dog Dragon, and John Wood's brindle and white dog Nailor, each dog weighing 37lbs., for a stake of $1000. Dragon was trained and handled by Harry Jennings, of Boston, and Nailor was trained and handled by Charley O'Donald, of Philadelphia. The Boston dog was the favorite at two to one, with few takers at that. Dragon won the fight in two hours and 45 minutes; the stakes were handed over to Harry Jennings, and outside bets also paid over to those who "stood" on the Dragon. A detachment of police arrived on the ground just too late to prevent the fight from being ended, but they nabbed a number of persons present, who were bound over to "behave themselves" in future.

BALL PLAY.

THE MUNICIPAL CONTEST IN BROOKLYN.

ALDERMEN VS. SUPERVISORS.

Rulers of cities are but men and children of a larger growth, and, consequently, like their fellow mortals of the ordinary world, prone to seek the amusements and pleasures of the majority. Of such are the highly respectable, intelligent, and irreproachable individuals comprising the Aldermanic and Supervisors' board of the goodly city of Brooklyn, and as such, on Wednesday, Nov. 29th, they resolved themselves into a committee of the whole on recreation, and proceeding to the Capitoline base ball grounds, went to work to investigate the merits of base ball as a national pastime in general and of its suitable character as a means of recreation for the city officials when they sought relief from the excessive fatigue of their onerous duties as rulers of the great city of Brooklyn. Ordinary men would have been deterred from anything of the kind in such weather as prevailed on the day in question, a piercing nor'-easter rendering out-door work a painful task to any but the thoroughly initiated; but both Aldermen and Supervisors are so used to taking things coolly, that the cold wind apparently only served to give a zest to the affair, and accordingly, at roll call, a majority of the two nines were found to be on hand, and soon all was ready, and the series of experiments were proceeded with, the first on the programme being a match game of ball. Now it happens that the city officials of both New York and Brooklyn have become so deeply interested in the leading contests which have taken place, that the majority have become posted theoretically in the points of the game, and consequently they went to work knowing pretty well how things should be done, but the doing of them was quite a different matter. Fly balls which they had seen taken with such ease by the experts of the Atlantic Club, when they themselves attempted to hold them had a great tendency to fly off at a tangent, and even in their efforts to secure them on the bound, or even stop their progress along the ground, their success was rare. In fact, muffinism prevailed to an alarming extent. Now and then a ball was held to the astonishment and delight of the holder. But as a general thing, "the darned thing" was too slippery. In the batting department the success was more general, but here too there were several who were strikingly deficient in their ability to hit the ball. To cut a long story short, however, after a trial lasting a couple of hours or so, the experiments on the field terminated, the result being entirely satisfactory to the Aldermen, who proved the victors in the game, but not quite as much to their adversaries, who, however, console themselves with the idea that had there been time to have played the game out a different result would have occurred.

The parties, after the game was over, adjourned to the club rooms, and the second series of experiments were commenced. This part of the programme consisted of a neat supper provided by the competent caterer, Mr. Giddings. Here the Aldermen were at home, and they played a splendid game, again defeating the Supervisors and leaving them out in the cold. Taken altogether, the affair was a very enjoyable and amusing one. The report adopted was a very favorable one, the game being highly commended as worthy the attention of the whole of the population who had time to attend to it. We append the score with the closing remark, *that this noteworthy contest was the only bound game played this season in New York and vicinity.*

BATTING.

ALDERMEN.	H.L.	R.	SUPERVISORS.	H.L.	R.
McLaughlin, 2d b	0	6	Hicks, p	2	3
Ennis, s s	2	4	Furey, c	2	4
Fisher, r f	2	4	Shearon, 1st b	1	5
B. Furey, p	3	4	Bloom, c f	2	3
Whitney, c	1	6	Stillwell, 2d b	1	4
Kelly, l f	4	2	Little, 3d b	2	3
Welsh, 1st b	2	4	Swaney, s s	3	3
DeWitt, 3d b	1	5	Cheshire, l f	4	1
O'Brien, c f	3	3	Phelan, r f	1	5
Total		37	Total		31

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th
Aldermen	13	7	8	1	2	6—37
Supervisors	5	8	2	2	5	9—31

Umpire—Mr. Applegate. Scorer—Mr. Temple. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes. Fly catches—Supervisors, 1; Aldermen, 5.

BASE BALL AT ALBANY, N. Y.

A combination game was played at Albany on the 1st ult., the players being composed of a delegation of six members each from the Eckford, Knickerbocker and National clubs. The prize contested for was a gold mounted bat, which was unanimously awarded to Bush, he having made the best score during the game. We append the score.

ROSS NINE.	H.L.	R.	WHITNEY NINE.	H.L.	R.
Gardner, 3d b	3	4	Bush, c	0	3
McClure, c	2	3	Bernard, 1st b	3	1
Powers, s s	3	2	Whitney, p	1	1
Humpleby, 2d b	3	2	Cory, c f	3	1
Ross, c f	3	3	Cantwell, 3d b	4	0
Waddell, p	1	3	Crawford, 2d b	4	0
Bliss, l b	4	1	Johnson, l f	4	2
Lansing, l f	3	2	La Moure, r f	4	1
Roche, r f	5	1	Woolverton, s s	4	0
Total		21	Total		9

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Ross	3	0	5	4	1	1	0	5	2—21
Whitney	1	0	3	0	0	2	3	0	0—9

Fly Catches—Ross, 11; Whitney, 19. Passed Balls—McClure, 4; Bush, 9. Time of Game—one hour and thirty minutes. Umpire—R. V. DeWitt, jr. Scorers—Wm. Bruce, jr., and S. Bantham.

ATHLETIC CLUB—MATCH BETWEEN PICKED NINES.

An exciting game of base ball was played in Philadelphia on the 2nd inst., on the grounds of the Athletic Club, between picked nines selected from the Athletic, Keystone and Camden Clubs. Owing to the non-appearance of Roach, Wallace and Mulholland, who were to play, Pratt's side was considerably weakened. Taking it altogether, however, it was one of the finest played games of the season. We append the score:

M'BRIDE NINE.	H.L.	R.	PRATT'S NINE.	H.L.	R.
McBride, p	4	1	Pratt, p	4	1
Dockney, c	4	2	Klinefelder, 2d b	2	1
Fisler, 2d b	3	3	Dick, c	5	0
Wilkins, s s	1	5	Woods, s s	3	2
Luengene, 1st b	1	4	Gibney, 3d b	2	2
Barber, c f	4	1	Lambertson, 1st b	3	1
Gaskill, 3d b	2	0	Cuthbert, l f	1	3
Evans, c f	4	0	McCleary, c f	4	1
Farnum, r f	4	1	Cushman, r f	3	1
Total		19	Total		12

Umpire—N. Mulliner, Camden.
Scorers—F. A. Frazer and R. W. Benson.

WHAT DISTINGUISHES A PROFESSIONAL FROM A GENTLEMAN PLAYER?—In regard to the match between the Atlantics and a Picked Nine, the score of which appears on our fourth page, we have received the following query:

BROOKLYN, Nov. 27, 1865.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER: *Dear Sir:*—In Saturday's *Eagle* is the announcement of a base ball match for the benefit of the Atlantic nine. Does not their thus begging pecuniary assistance of their brethren and the public place them in the capacity of professionals, like Crossley, the Wrights, &c., in cricket? An answer will oblige yours, NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

In England all cricketers who make the game a means of livelihood are known as "professionals," and those who play the game for amusement only are called, *per contra*, "gentlemen players." The paper alluded to in the above communication stated that the charge of 25 cents admission to the match of the 27th was for the "benefit of the Atlantic nine." We leave it to the fraternity to decide whether this solicitation of pecuniary assistance at the hands of the public does or does not make them professional players. If at any time any member of a base ball club, who by some unforeseen circumstances should be placed in a position, by sickness or loss of place, &c., requiring pecuniary assistance to put him on his feet again, any proposition to get up a match for the benefit of a brother player so situated would meet with a prompt and hearty response from the whole fraternity. But in the case in question the position of the players who were to be the recipients of the funds is very different. The majority are clerks, receiving good salaries, and none, that we are aware of, are so badly off as to need this gift of money. In fact, it looks as if base ball was being brought down to a regular business.

NOVEL BASE BALL MATCH.—In the vicinity of Philadelphia, a match game of base ball, which promises to be productive of great meriment, is to take place on Thanksgiving Day, Dec. 7th. The sides are to be composed of "picked nines," one bearing the name of "Bill Morman's Brignoli's," the other that of "Dutch Margaret's Nine." The spot selected whereon to play the great match is a beautiful piece of ground in close proximity to Tom Lyons' romantic ice house, on the Jersey side of the Delaware, a short distance below the city. Both parties, we understand, are attached to a down-town fire engine company, and owing to repeated discussions concerning the superior merits of the two nines, which can only be definitely settled by the arbitrament of the bat, it was mutually agreed to play a friendly game for a prize carpet ball. Both nines have been in active training for some time, the Brignoli's under the careful supervision of Bill Morman, the opposition nine under the watchful eye of their patron saint, Margaretta. From the well-known abilities of the gentlemen chosen to compete for the trophy of victory, as well as their great popularity, it is expected that a very large assemblage will be present to witness the struggle for superiority. Refreshments will be provided for all, and feather beds furnished for those who come from a distance to see the game. It will be a lively affair, and a large crowd will be present to witness the "play."

A CHALLENGE.—It appears that for some time past the admirers of Prof. Tim. Dermody, of club swinging notoriety, and Mike Tooney, of Paterson, N. J., have been engaged in a wordy strife relative to the merits of their respective "champions" as exponents of the beauties of the game of hand ball. To settle this controversy the right bower of the "King of Clubs" proposes, as will be seen by the following manifesto, to engage in a trial of skill:—

"FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir*—I hereby challenge Mike Tooney, of Paterson, N. J., to play me a match at hand ball, for from $100 to $300 a side, to take place at Barney McQuade's, 12th street, New York City, within three weeks. If Mr. Tooney accepts this challenge and will leave a deposit at Tom Norton's, corner of Spring and Marion streets, or at the office of the CLIPPER, he can get a match on at once. Yours, TIM. DERMODY."

A MATCH AT HAND BALL is to be played at B. McQuade's court, No. 265 East Twelfth street, on Thanksgiving Day, Dec. 7th, between four expert players, William Ryan and Ben McQuade being pitted against John Mannix and Morris Hayes. The contest will be well worth witnessing.

QUOITING MATCH AT NEWPORT, R. I.—The admirers of this ancient and athletic pastime assembled in large numbers on the grounds of Leonard Booth, opposite the Pawtucket Riding Park, Newport, R. I., on the 27th ult., to witness a contest for a purse of $25 and the championship of that little New England commonwealth. Eight competitors entered, the game commencing at 12 M. and continuing until dusk. The final contest lay between Thomas Burgess and George Wild, who had manifested their superiority over the other players. The betting was very spirited, and offers to lay extravagant odds on Burgess went begging. The favorite achieved an easy victory, scoring 21 to the 9 of his opponent. The weather was clear and beautiful, and everything passed off pleasantly. Burgess represented Newport; and Wild, Providence.

THE TURF.

Read! Read!--Dr. Randall's Specific is a sure cure for scratches, and diseases of the hoof. Every owner of a horse should have it. Price 50 cents. For sale by Druggists. By sending 60 cents to Randall & Co., Boston, it will be forwarded to any part of the U. S. 35-2t*

TROTTING AT THE UNION COURSE, L. I.

THERE was a large attendance at the Union Course, L. I., on the 28th Nov., to witness a trial of speed for a purse of $600, mile heats, 3 in 5, between Mr. Langstaff's ch g Tom, Mr. Foster's b g Eagle Rock, and the grey mare Lady Wonder. In the pools sold before the race the bay gelding was the favorite at the commencement, but the betting suddenly underwent a revolution after the horses made their appearance, and before the start was made Tom was held at first choice, 3 to 1 being offered, with few takers. Eagle Rock took the lead in the first heat, and maintained it throughout, reaching the stand half a dozen lengths in advance. As it was evident, however, that Langstaff, who held the ribbons over Tom, had purposely thrown away the heat, this result did not, as had been expected, set the favorite back in the betting; on the contrary, the ruse was so apparent that increased odds were offered upon his winning the race. The three following heats were won by the chestnut gelding with ease by from three to eight lengths. We append the summary:—

Union Course, L. I., Tuesday, Nov. 28.—Sweepstakes $600, mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Mr. Langstaff entered ch g Tom, in harness..........	2	1	1	1
Mr. Foster entered b g Eagle Rock, to wagon........	1	2	2	2
Owner entered g m Lady Wonder, in harness........	3	dis		

Time, 2:59½; 2:55; 2:46; 2:46½.

At the conclusion of the above contest the backers of Eagle Rock, not being satisfied that their favorite was beaten on his merits, but attributing his defeat to the unskillful driving of Mr. Foster, made another match between the horses for a purse of $200, in harness, another driver to replace Foster. The race came off at the same course on the 20th ult., B. Walker manipulating the ribbons for Eagle Rock, and John Murphy being ensconced behind Tom, instead of Langstaff, his former driver. The race was neither close nor exciting. Tom taking the lead each time, and winning as he pleased, in three straight heats. The following is the summary:

Union Course, L. I., Nov. 29th, 1865.—Match, $200, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

John Murphy named ch g Tom..........................	1	1	1
B. Walker named b g Eagle Rock........................	2	2	2

Time, 2:48; 2:47½; 2:48½.

RIVERSIDE PARK, BOSTON, MASS.

There was another large gathering of the devotees of the race course at the above grounds on the 28th ult. Two events took place during the day. First came a trot for a purse of $100, for which four entries were made, viz.: Lodi, Henry Columbus, Baby, and John Bartlett. These horses have all won considerable local reputation as "good 'uns to go," but, being considered very evenly matched, very little "monish" was wagered on the result. Annexed is a summary:

Purse $100, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness.

J. Mooney ns s g Lodi..................................	2	1	1	2	1
M Carroll ns s g Henry Columbus......................	1	2	2	1	2
W. Woodruff ns bk m Baby..............................	4	4	3	3dr	
J. J. Bowen ns s g John Bartlett........................	3	3	dr		

Time, 2:46; 2:45; 2:46; 2:46; 2:44½.

Same Day.—Purse $50, for running horses, half mile heats, best 3 in 5, catch weights.

J. E. Lawrence ns ch g Hap-Hazard....................	3	3	1	1	1
M. T. Downing ns ch m Lady Gibbens..................	2	1	2	2	2
S. Emerson ns ch g Stonewall Jackson..................	1	2	3	dr	

Time, 0:58; 1:02; 1:01; 0:59; 1:01.

On the 29th ult. the gates were again thrown open to the public, two trots being advertised to take place; but in consequence of the cold weather the attendance was very small. We annex a summary:

Riverside Park, Boston, Mass., Nov. 29, 1865.—Match $500, mile heats, 3 in 5, to wagon.

S. Hayes ns blk. m. Honest Kate..........................	1	1	1
J. J. Bowen ns b. g. Billy Morris..........................	2	2	2

Time—2:41; 2:43; 2:45.

Same Day.—Match $400 mile heats, 2 in 3.

G. H. Bailey ns g. m. Lady Gay Spanker, in harness....	0	1	1
J. J. Bowen ns b. m. Lady Wales, to wagon..............	0	2	2

Time—2:44; 2:42; 2:45.

TROTTING AND PACING AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.—An interesting race came off over the half mile course at the Cleveland Driving Park, a short distance from Cleveland, Ohio, on the 23d ult., between the following "animiles," viz., Queen of the West, Maggie Mitchell and Maria Brough, the former a trotter and the two latter being pacers. There was a very fair attendance, and the sport was excellent. Five heats were warmly contended, the Queen finally asserting her superiority. We give the summary:

Cleveland Driving Park, Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 23d, 1865. Purse $——, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

Joe Bronderson ns Queen of the West..................	3	2	1	1	1
Wm. Fuller ns Maggie Mitchell..........................	1	1	2	3	2
Wm. Hoffman ns Maria Brough..........................	2	3	3	2	3

Time, 2:44½; 2:44; 2:42; 2:39½; 2:38.

After the race the winner was sold for $1500.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON MATCH AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—A very interesting private pigeon shooting match came off at the Ocean House, near San Francisco, on Nov. 1st, between a quartet of sportsmen from that famous city, at 15 single birds each, the loser to pay for dinner and birds. The contest occupied one hour and a half, closing with the annexed score:—

1—J. K. O.—0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—13.
2—C. K.—1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—12.
3—G. S. L.—1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0—10.
4—R. L.—0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0—9.

WM. TAYLOR VS. MILES JOHNSON.—A very interesting pigeon shooting match came off at Princeton, N. J., on the 30th ult., between these well-known shots, Miles Johnson, of Bordentown, N. J., and William Taylor, brother of the champion. The match was for $500, to shoot at 50 single birds each, 21 yds. rise, 80 yds boundary. There was considerable speculation on the result, Johnson being the favorite at $100 to $80. The match terminated in a tie, each man bringing down 44 out of the 50. The attendance was quite large, and the shooting excellent, each man giving a scientific illustration of how the thing is done.

THE CLIMBING FEAT;

OR,

The Prize of the Alspach.

Never was more glorious sunshine than the rising orb poured on the top of the mountain, which, streaming down its face like holy oil, floated out over the surface of the dark, rapid river running at its base. Although still early, yet the vernal meadow sloping down from the white hamlet presented the appearance of universal holiday. Silver-haired sires and dames and little children, with tossing curls, but more numerous than these, young men and maidens, came gaily down the brown pathway, edged with daisies, gathering at the same point on the bank of the eddying stream.

Here, opposite the perpendicular mountain-side, the river was spanned by a single plank, which had been trodden by many feet; and raising one's eyes, one readily saw what had made it a place of especial resort.

All the face of the freestone-cliff was carved with names, where each competitor had sought to place his own above all others.

What was at first the merest rivalry, came in time to be often a test of heroism, and the arbiter of many a grave dispute among the simple-minded villagers; till higher and higher, far above the ability of the unassisted eye to decipher, were traced the names of the daring and brave, thenceforward to be the pride of friends and the envy of all beside.

The trial which was to come off on that brightest of mornings involved no less than the question of who should claim for his bride the lovely Idelette Vruller—the most beautiful maiden, said every stranger who passed that way—the purest and best, added those who knew her, to be found in all the Prussian kingdom.

It had happened a few weeks before that a young Russian nobleman, wearing the insignia of rank, came to the village, saw Idelette Vruller, and being smitten by her extraordinary beauty, desired to marry her. The stranger called his name Count Leweinski, and claimed to be grand-nephew to the Emperor himself.

The father of Idelette was completely dazzled by the prospect of so brilliant a match for his only and idolized child; her gentle mother was silent and thoughtful, for she understood her daughter better. Then it came to light that the maiden had given her heart to a youth of the village—humble but good—one who had lately returned from the required three years' service to his country, with improved looks and manners, and a general intelligence and knowledge of books which gave him henceforth a position the highest among the people of his native town.

Herman, the humble lover, was almost as much surprised as delighted to find that, notwithstanding the grand offer of marriage she had received, seconded even by her father's wish, which in everything besides had been law to her, the girl of his love remained true to her plighted faith. No flatteries, no skillfully drawn picture of the admiration her beauty would create, and the luxury which should surround her in his uncle's court, had been able to shake for an instant her determination to abide by her womanhood, and not to give her hand where she could not her heart. Three days Herman had hidden himself in despairing mood; but when once more he ventured to meet the blue eyes of Idelette, and read in them her warm, unwavering devotion, he forgot the high rank of his still persistent rival, or feeling himself his equal, boldly challenged Leweinski to try which could write his name highest on the Alspach Mountains, and so decide their claim. Through love or pride, the proposition was accepted.

Great was the excitement on its becoming known that to this settlement of the difficulty all parties had agreed, and the third day from that was the one appointed for the trial. Many among Idelette's fair companions, both of those who wished for the success of Herman, and those who favored the cause of the noble stranger, shook their tresses, laughing, and said: "they would never risk being disposed of in that manner."

The generation about to pass off the stage, in whom the superstitious element was stronger, esteemed it, however, a kind of giving over of the jurisdiction to heaven, and were impressed accordingly.

Once already the name of Herman was carved high up on the face of the Alspach, where he had placed it five years before. An uncle had died, leaving to Herman a little freehold; but just then another nephew of the deceased, twice Herman's age, who had led a wandering, vagrant life, reappeared in the village, asserting his claim to the property; and so bold and unscrupulous were the measures he adopted, that the modest peace-loving Herman was ready to resign his rights to save controversy, when the villagers, whose unanimous sympathies were with the boy, proposed a resort to the Alspach, which had settled satisfactorily so many difficulties. It was done accordingly, and when the younger claimant, having set his name at a point which none hitherto had reached, had descended in safety, amid the prolonged cheers of the multitude, his cousin in turn ascended the cliff. Higher and higher he struggled, till finally he stood half his length above his antagonist. Breathlessly gazed the throng, while from many a lip escaped a murmur of regret. But the wrong was never accomplished, for ere he had marred the face of the mountain by a single stroke, a great eagle, fearing for her nest, swooped down from the eyrie above, and striking him in the right eye with her talon, destroyed its sight forever, thus obliging him to desist from his unjust attempt, and leaving Herman to his rightful inheritance—a result which called forth the universal applause, and more and more confirmed the beholders in the belief that some invisible goddess of justice had her dwelling-place in the Alspach.

But now another contest, and for a far greater prize, was Herman's. Higher ascended the sun of May; the people gathered to a crowd. In the midst stood Count Leweinski, with an assumption of dignity and urbanity with which he vainly had tried to awe and charm the villagers.

But to the disappointment of every one, Herman had not appeared. An hour passed, and still he came not.

The blush faded from the cheek of Idelette, leaving her ghastly pale, while the eyes that had been downcast in maiden modesty, filled with tears. Watching her opportunity, she slipped from her brow the flower wreath with which her companion had crowned it, and dropped it over the bank into the stream. People began to go out from the mass by two and three in different directions, to speak in private of the mystery; and one inquired when and where Herman had last been seen; and another, taking the hint, looked askance at Leweinski, muttering something about foul play.

At length it was announced that the noble candidate, although he had no competitor, would ascend the Alspach, there to engrave his name, and would then claim his bride. All eyes were at once turned on the mountain. The Count had thrown off his mantle, and with an air of haughty triumph strode across the narrow bridge and began to climb the perpendicular wall.

He was agile and sinewy of limb, and the failure of his rival to meet his engagement had given him a spirit of daring not his by nature. Up, and up, and up he climbed, and still determinedly up, until his hand rested against the rock higher than any name had ever yet been carved. The populace could not forbear breaking with one accord into loud shouts.

"You will forget us when you are a Court lady at St. Petersburgh," said a fair girl with a sad smile, as she threw her arm around Idelette's waist.

"Talk not to me of Courts," returned the other, in a low, grief-smitten tone; "I would rather cast myself after my flowers and be drowned than become Leweinski's wife!"

The candidate for her hand, meantime, had cut upon the rock the first letter of his name. But the shouting which told him of success bewildered his brain and unsteadied his nerves; and at that point the knife dropped from his hand. In an unfortunate glance he followed it with his eye as it cleft the air, and sank into the rushing waters; the next instant he was seen to reel from his slight foothold and dash headlong into the turbid stream, which whirled his lifeless body out of sight and bore it on toward the sea.

While the people one and all stood paralyzed at the spectacle, another form appeared as it were hovering on the face of the cliff—and that form was Herman's. At daybreak he had made the ascent and hidden himself in the very eyrie whence the eagle had swooped down and so signally defeated his antagonist five years before. All unknowing the destruction which had been visited upon his present rival, he came confidently forth, chiselled his name rapidly upon the stone in characters so large as to be plainly legible to those below; and safely descending from that altogether unprecedented height, laid a nest containing a pair of half-fledged eaglets at Idelette's feet, while the air was rent with the wildest rejoicings.

Fair Idelette, the prize so well won, nearly fainted with joyful emotion.

Plunging into the river, her lover brought again her floral coronna, which had lodged against the bank, and replaced it glistening on her head.

While the same evening the married rites of Herman and Idelette were being performed in the little church, a courier arrived commissioned to take into custody the person calling himself Count Leweinski. Few were greatly surprised to learn that this was not his name; that so far from being what he had pretended, he was an adventurer and a fugitive from justice, having stolen the badge of rank which he exhibited, and committed still graver offences against the State, which might have cost him his life had not his fearful reward been providentially meted out to him already.

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WIT, HUMOR, PATHOS, MELODY AND POETRY OF OLD IRELAND,
Will commence their first annual Tour at Troy, N. Y., on Saturday evening, Nov. 18, 1865, and will during the winter visit the principal cities of the Union.
Attention is called to the following array of talent:

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MR. AND MRS. TIM HAYES,	MISS MAGGIE McGUIRE,
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J. P. GUNN,	J. CONNOR,
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Under the immediate supervision and direction of
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28TH NOVEMBER, 1865.
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OCEANA, OCEANA.
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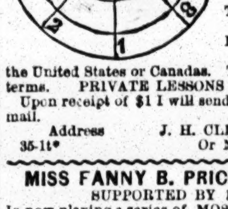

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A DUTCH HAMLET.

At a literary entertainment somewhere out West, one of the guests delivered Hamlet's soliloquy as follows:

"To be, or not to be, dat ees de question;—
Vether teeth better in de mind to soffar
Der schling unt aures ofe atrageous fortun;
Or too dake narms against a sea of trubbles
Unt by opposing ent dem? Too die—too schleep,
No more?—unt by a schleep too say we ent
Der heart ache unt der tousand natural shocks
Dat vleash ees heir too—tiesh a gonsummation
Devoutly too be wished; too die—too schleep—
Too schleep pe'chaunce too dream, ay, deres der rub,
For in dat schleep of det, what dreems may com,
Ven we half shuffled off dis mortal coil,
Musht gif us pawse. Dere ees de respec
Dat make calamity ofe so long life;
For who would bear der whips unt scorns ofe time.
Der oppressor's wrongs—der proud man's contumely,
Der paungs ofe dispise lof—der law's d lay,
Der insolence ote offesce, mit der spurns
Dat pashent merit ofe der unworthy takes,
Ven he heemself might hees quietus mak
Mit a bare bedkin? Who would tardeis bear,
Too gruot unt schvet unter a weary life,
But dat der dret ofe someting after det,
De undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No trabbler ret rne—puzzles der weel;
Unt maks us drader bear deze ealf we half
Dan phly to oddera, we nix ior stay!"

THE HAUNTED HOUSE:

A Detective's Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE AUTHOR OF SUSIE KNIGHT.

THE pretty city of S—— was infested with a gang of burglars. The local police was entirely inadequate to the task of ferreting them out. House after house was entered, the valuables abstracted, and at h suspicion could be fastened on no one.

Pending this state of affairs the authorities sent to New York for a couple of det ctives to come up and aid them in the work of catching the thieves.

Ned Halsey and I were despatched. We thought the job would occupy two or three days—a week at farthest; for you must know that we have a rather poor opinion of the constabulary force of the interior, and vote any man a fool who can't catch a robber between two Sundays.

We didn't care to publish our arrival, so we came in the character of speculators bent on purchasing produce for the New York market.

We saw the Chief of Police soon after we reached S—— and from him learned (as we thought) all the necessary particulars.

It was not difficult to arrive at certain conclusions. First, that the gang was a large one. Second, that they were old hands. Third, that they were regularly organized and under skilful leadership; and fourth, that they were in direct communication with the New York "fraternity."

This last fact was made evident in rather a queer manner. Within forty-eight hours of the time of our arrival we received the following note. I transcribe it *verbatim et literatim*.

To the 2 gents wot buys produce—you can't ketch old birds so snug as yer think. We cut our t-teeth in York and graadderated at Sing Sing. Go in my covies but bare in mind that we aint no produss to sell. October 4, 1860.

This note, written in a scrawling and almost illegible hand, was directed to us in our assumed names at the hotel that we made our headquarters. No signature was attached.

Ned read it over a great many times, but with all his acumen the homely epistle gave him no clew to the object's of our search.

One morning I was standing on the hotel steps, puffing a rather poor cigar abstractedly, when a man approached, gazed at me intently for a moment, and passed on.

I was tolerably certain that I had seen the face before, but for the life of me I could not tell where. He evidently recognized me in something the same indefinite manner.

It is natural, of course, for a detective to be suspicious; as a sharper looks upon everybody that he meets as a possible victim, so a detective, with an eye to business, sees in all men possible scoundrels.

Sauntering back to the reading-room where I had left Ned, I found him and told him my small adventure.

"And what kind of a looking man was he?" Ned asked with some little interest.

"A short, stout fellow, with gray eyes, rather deep set and heavily shaded with dark brows, hair cropped close, and a short chin whiskers."

"Whiskers genuine?"

"Yes, without doubt."

"We must take another glance at the fellow," and Ned rose and buttoned his overcoat (for it was a chilly morning) and together we passed out on the street.

Following the direction that the stranger had taken, we proceeded leisurely along for the distance of, perhaps, half a mile, carelessly scanning the faces of those whom we met or passed.

Suddenly turning a corner we came face to face with the object of our search. He civilly returned our stare and entered a store near at hand.

"That man is 'Short Steve' or I'm a liar," Ned said as soon as the stranger was out of hearing distance.

"Short Steve" was a notorious scamp who had made us plenty of trouble and had thus far contrived to escape "the lynx eyed officers of justice"—as the newspapers call us.

Neither Ned nor I had seen him but once; that, however, was on an occasion that we should not be apt to forget. It was just after the big bank robbery in Connecticut, in which Short Steve and his gang were undoubtedly engaged. We—that is Ned and I, and Sam Lewis—hunted the villains down and got them into close quarters. But they escaped after all, with the aid of their infernal revolvers, and they put a bullet through some day Lewis' heart. I never knew a better man than Sam, and Ned and I solemnly swore that we would avenge his death some day. Had the day come?

To be candid, I was by no means certain that Ned was correct in his surmises. It was five years since we had seen Short Steve, and at last account's he was on the Pacific coast. Still Ned was positive, and as he seldom mistook a face, I gradually fell into his way of thinking.

We reasoned that if the stranger was indeed Short Steve he would be careful not to show himself again in our presence for he could scent a detective further than blood hounds scent their prey.

Certainly there were charges enough against him to justify his arrest on the spot. Should we nab him? this was the question that we briefly discussed, keeping meantime a sharp lookout on the fellow to see that he did not escape us.

The question was finally decided in the affirmative—we would arrest him on suspicion.

So we entered the store. The suspicious looking customer had just completed his purchases and was about to go out. I approached him and he turned and looked me in the face for a moment (as he had done once before), then seizing my hand, he shook it heartily, exclaiming:

"Jack Dosworth, old boy, how are you? I've bothered my head these two hours thinking who you were. And no wonder, either. We haven't met since that night that we grew so eloquent in our essays at the closing exhibition of the —— Academy."

I never experienced a more sudden change of feeling in my life. Instead of the odious Short Steve, I beheld before me George Avery, the truest and best of my early friends.

I forthwith introduced him to Ned, who gazed at him with the profoundest astonishment, and seemed to still cling to the idea that he was yet in the presence of Short Steve. But when the shopkeeper addressed my friend as Mr. Avery, and when he asked him if he would have the purchases sent to his house, even Ned's incredulity gave way, and we emerged from the store together.

Avery insisted on our dining at his house, and we accepted the invitation.

Over a prime bottle of cabinet sherry I related the story of our suspicions; whereat George laughed heartily and vowed that he would let his beard grow to the length of St. Peter's, in the pictorial Bible, to prevent others making the same mistake.

Ned Halsey was disgusted with our failure to discover the perpetrators of the robberies and resolved to start for New York the next morning. I had intended to accompany him, but George would not hear to it, and, at his earnest request, and his wife's, (a pleasant and affable little woman) I consented to remain their guest for a few days.

My friend's place of residence was situated in the suburbs of the town. It was a fine site, and the surroundings were rather romantic than otherwise.

I arose earlier than the sun one morning (it is not my usual custom to do so), and took a walk in the brisk, bracing, October air.

A pretty looking white cottage not far off had attracted my attention, and towards it I wended my way. I fancied it to be the abode of some newly made victims to the unerring darts of Cupid—that chubby god to whom unreasonable artists give an impossibly long bow and impossibly fat legs.

Judge my surprise when I found that it was entirely deserted. The gate was unhinged, the tall withered grass was uncut in the door yard and no sighing disciples of Hymen had built their fireside altars there. The house was well built, the location was certainly desirable, and I was at a loss to discover a cause for its desertion. So when I returned I broached the subject to my hostess.

She assumed a grave, mysterious air, and in a low, confidential tone, such as only women possess, she informed me that the house was haunted.

I smiled rather incredulously.

"O, I knew you wouldn't believe it," she continued, "and I don't know as I do myself; but there is certainly something very strange about it. We own the place and we have never been able to get any one to live there for more than a month. First we rented it to a young married couple" (so my speculations concerning it were not altogether unfounded), "but they heard night after night strange and unearthly noises that could be traced to no human agency, and so they came to the conclusion that it was best to seek a home in some less awe-inspiring place. Next an honest carpenter with a small family and no superstition took it, but in less than a week they declared that all the ghosts of Hades haunted the place, and so it became again vacant.

Subsequent tenants only confirmed the previous reports. The queerest part of all is that George spent one night there, and though he won't admit his belief in ghosts he acknowledges that he heard some strange and unaccountable noises. Mrs. Avery told me all this in such a plain matter-of-fact way that my curiosity was really aroused.

Her husband came in shortly after, and over the comfortable breakfast we discussed the matter more thoroughly.

I suggested that George and I spend a night at the haunted house and endeavor to sift the spirits.

He yielded a ready assent, and so we repaired thither before sunset in order that the goblins might not get the start of us.

It was a clear and beautiful moonlight evening. We concluded to take our positions on the second floor and to keep a close watch, one at the east and the other at the west window. We were in separate rooms, but the door between us was open and we could chat with each other. With a thousand pleasant reminiscences of our boyish days it was not difficult for us to keep wide awake. Not a sound had we heard up to one o'clock. I suggested that our scepticism prevented our hearing the noises, and was rallying George on his belief in the stories concerning the house, when suddenly the sound of a foot step, as of some one approaching, reached my ear. We were both on the alert in a moment. From my position I could see the figure of a man closely muffled coming towards the house. I beckoned George towards me, and together we watched the intruder.

He moved with the greatest care, treading on the thickly-tufted grass so as to leave no footprints. He finally reached the house and opened, noiselessly, the window directly beneath me. Having apparently taken a close observation, he gave a low, shrill whistle, and forthwith six other men emerged from the grove and beat their steps towards him.

All then entered the house from the window and we could hear them walking around beneath us.

To tell the truth George and myself were somewhat frightened. My mind was immediately made up as to the identity of the visitors; they were, without doubt, the veritable robber gang that had thus far so successfully eluded our pursuit. But it seemed as though we had "caught several Tartars." The idea of "tackling" seven desperadoes was not altogether pleasant. Concluding that discretion was the better part of valor we lay perfectly still and listened. Through a crack we saw the glimmering of a light. Then a door opened and the whole party went into the cellar. Now was our time for action. Being less clumsy and more accustomed to such work than George, I bade him remain where he was while I took a peep at the seven men who were *not* in Buckram.

Removing my boots I descended, by the stairway, to the main floor. In my pocket I usually carry a gimlet; it is as useful in my business as a pair of scissors to a counter jumper. With it I bored a hole through the floor and through this I gazed. A strange spectacle met my eyes.

Seated around a rough deal table were the seven ruffians busily engaged in counting and assorting money and other valuables. I could hear the musical chink of gold (it was before the days of greenbacks), and could see large quantities of rich silver plate. All the parts were closely disguised. They appeared to be not on the best of terms with one another, and there was plenty of growling and grumbling concerning the distribution of the property. It was all in a low tone, however—so low that I could not catch the import of many of the remarks. The captain of the gang seemed to possess supreme authority, and when a pugilistic subaltern sought to interfere, on one occasion, the chief struck him a fearful blow on the head, that, (to use a slang phrase,) "settled his hash."

Satisfied with what I had seen of these substantial ghosts, I arose bolted the cellar door and returned to the place of George's concealment.

I reported progress to him, and we held a brief consultation. It was arranged that one of us should repair to the town without delay and obtain reinforcements. George being better acquainted with the town than I, concluded to undertake this part of the job, while I staid and watched.

He was not absent more than thirty minutes, but it seemed as many hours to me. When he returned, a dozen stalwart men accompanied him.

They surrounded the house, and I, approaching the cellar door, administered to it a most tremendous thump that sent a dull echo thro' the deserted rooms, and which evidently roused the robbers to a sense of their imminent danger. The lights in the cellar were immediately extinguished.

One of the party—a deputy sheriff—then approached the door and cried out:

"In the name of the law I demand the surrender of all persons in this house."

The thieves were evidently consulting in whispered tones among themselves. Soon a voice came in reply:

"We surrender."

The cellar door was then opened. Hereupon the burglars made a sudden rush, evidently hoping by simultaneous action to overpower their captors.

A somewhat desperate fight ensued, but we were too many for them, and ere long they were all securely bound and powerless.

He who was apparently the leader of the gang had received an ugly gash over the forehead, which bled profusely. I approached him to see if he was seriously hurt. I noticed that he wore long, false whiskers, which I did not hesitate to pull off. And then, in the face before me I beheld that of my long-sought enemy—Short Steve. He glared at me in impotent rage, and fairly gnashed his teeth for anger.

"Well, my man," I said with excusable exultation as I took him not too tenderly by the arm, "our day of reckoning has come at last. There is a piece of rope in New York just long enough to stretch that devil's neck of yours."

It was an unkind remark to make to a helpless prisoner, but the poor, dead face of Sam Lewis haunted me continually, and after all revenge is sweet.

By the time that all the prisoners were safely lodged in the jail the gray streaks of morning had already brightened the east.

George and I returned to his home, where we found his wife already up to receive us. She listened with womanly curiosity to our adventure.

Later in the day, when the news had spread that the robbers were captured, the pr sperity city of S—— was in a perfect hub-bub of excitement. I found myself lionized to such an extent that I was right glad to get back to New York.

Ned Halsey was surprised at the odd *denouement*, but he insists to this day that he had a *clairvoyant-like* impression of the proximity of Short Steve when he mistook my friend Avery for him.

We stood together in the court room—Ned and I—when the judge, turning to the notorious criminal, condemned him in the words:—"You shall be hung by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

A CHAPTER ON GAME SHOOTING.

How to Handle a Gun.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

In grouse shooting a first rate shot at the early part of the season will drop both his birds within that distance. In shooting at a covey of wild, strong grouse, it is excusable to take the first bird a little nearer than you would a single one. Some shooters are indifferent as to distances, provided they can kill; the genuine sportsman is, however, averse to spoiling his game by close shooting, and piques himself as much upon his knowledge of distances and on killing his birds clean and in a presentable form, as upon not missing a shot within ordinary range. To attain this perfection in the art of shooting, strict and invariable attention is required to first principles, combined with a proper confidence in the power and capability of the weapon used. A great and essential point is gained when this confidence is acquired, inasmuch as it does away with over anxiety, and its usual consequences, hurry and precipitation. A sportsman may be quick without being precipitate; there is as much difference between one quality and the other as there is between despatch and hurry. The quick shot observes in an instant the direction the bird he has decided to shoot at is about to take, and makes his calculations accordingly; the gun is immediately in the right place, and the trigger pulled at the right time, the eye and hand being subservient to the will; whereas the hasty and precipitate shot brings up his gun on the instant the bird is in sight, in opposition to the will; physical force takes the precedence of the *vis animi*; the trigger is pulled, the bird missed, and the direction which was given to the gun is not known, so great has been the mental confusion, owing to the absence of proper control. A question then naturally arises as to the method of obtaining this necessary control; it can be obtained, and we are of opinion that success in this particular generally is practicable, provided the beginner has time at his disposition, and will devote sufficient patience to the task. It may, however, be better in the first instance to convey a few suggestions as to the best method of taking certain shots before entering fully on the subject of self control, to explain what ought to be done before giving our opinion as to the best manner of doing it. Straightforward shots are perhaps, to beginners, the easiest of all shots, and as most of these are taken within point-blank distance, a correct aim will ensure success; beyond thirty-five yards an endeavor should be made to shoot somewhat over the bird, more especially if he is going at a good pace and rising. Cross shots may be taken in several different ways, dependent upon the position of the sportsman, either as soon as the bird is within shot; as he is advancing, or *en passant*; or after he has passed. The first and last of these three chances are the best—it is never advisable to shoot at a bird immediately opposite to you; if you can possibly avail yourself of the first chance and take him when coming towards you at thirty-five yards, aiming one or two feet in advance, so that if your first attempt fails you can take your last chance after the game has passed you: if to the left you can move your gun easily without altering your position; if to the right it will be found advantageous to bring the left leg forward before putting the gun again to the shoulder, as this change of position will afford as favorable a shot as if you were directing your gun to the left. At birds which are coming towards you high in the air, shoot as soon as possible, as your first is decidedly your best chance, the difficulty of properly directing the gun being always on the increase as the bird approaches; but if you are in so constrained a position that you cannot shoot till the bird is immediately over your head, then take special care to shoot well forward, more or less, according to the pace at which the bird is flying. Grouse, when coming from a distance, and, consequently, at full speed, fly with such rapidity that at least three feet in advance will be necessary. Practical instruction on this point has often been imparted to those who, after having aimed at the foremost birds in a covey, have killed only the very last one, and at an interval of many feet, immensely to their astonishment. These shots require quickness and decision; the distance must be instantaneously decided and the trigger pulled on bringing the gun to the shoulder; a moment's hesitation and the opportunity is lost, and any indecision in pulling the trigger causes the charge to be uselessly expended in the air many feet in the rear of the object aimed at. Some sportsmen, who cannot kill birds flying rapidly towards them, shoot after they have passed, but this is a very bad plan, as in turning round so much time is lost that a very long and by no means certain shot presents itself. In taking all these shots the sportsman will find it considerably to his advantage to place his gun as firmly on his body as possible; he will not only be able to take a better and steadier aim, but also be capable of firing a greater number of shots than if he allowed the butt to rest only partially on his body. Those who place the butt more on the arm than on the body will, after firing a number of shots, experience the inconvenience of this practice, and on the following morning find that the arm is black and blue and perhaps rather tender. One hundred shots will have this effect, whereas the man who places his gun well on his body will fire several hundred shots with impunity. When the principles of the art which we have endeavored to explain are thoroughly understood and strictly attended to, one kind of game will not be found more difficult to kill than another. Having explained the theory of shooting it remains only to submit our views as to the best means of obtaining that control over the hand which is so essentially necessary to complete success, so that the shooter may be able to pull the trigger on all occasions exactly at the moment he desires. The statement at first sight seems paradoxical that any sportsman should habitually pull the trigger of his gun involuntarily, and in direct opposition to his own will and judgment, but the frequency of the practice makes the assertion intelligible. The rising of a large covey of birds, their number, and the flutter of their wings excite most beginners, and in some instances to such an extent that the gun is immediately put to the shoulder, and both barrels discharged before the covey has reached even a moderate distance, and perhaps without even touching a feather, no aim having been taken, and the gun having been brought up so as not being in line with any one single bird of the covey, and if one or two remaining birds have risen simply after the barrels have been emptied of their contents, how often has the young sportsman taken a cool and deliberate aim with the empty and harmless weapon, thus receiving a suggestion as to the impolicy and folly of hurry. When the power to use the gun offensively for the moment ceases, anxiety subsides and rising birds are looked at with the greatest calmness, and if any sentiments are excited, they are simply those of astonishment at the slowness of their flight and amazement at the previous needless and futile precipitation. A question then naturally suggests itself, whether this momentary calm cannot be acquired and rendered habitual, so that the shooter may aim as calmly with his loaded gun as with his unloaded one. It strikes us this end may be attained by every beginner who is inclined to adopt the proper means, and they involve but a trifling sacrifice—merely a few days' self-denial. If a young sportsman pulls the trigger before he wishes to do so, misses his bird, and does not know exactly where the fault lies, not being precisely certain of the exact direction of his piece at the moment of its discharge, the best plan surely to obtain a slight moment on this point is to take a few deliberate aims with an unloaded gun at birds passing in various directions; he will then be able to ascertain whether he can easily cover birds flying straight away from him, shoot the requisite distance before birds passing rapidly either across him or over his head; and if he finds that his first attempts are not entirely successful, he surely ought to persevere till he has gained his point before he resumes the use of ammunition; this is undoubtedly beginning at the right end, employing the means best calculated to attain the desired end. Every beginner wishes to use his gun to the greatest advantage; surely then the handling and management of it ought to be thoroughly mastered before the use of ammunition is resorted to. This preliminary discipline would not only ensure good shooting, but be instrumental in preventing a recurrence of those lamentable accidents which we have had occasion so frequently to deplore. The best shots we have ever met with submitted to this salutary ordeal when young; we can, therefore, confidently recommend it to the attention of all beginners. To use the gun in the most effective manner, and at the same time with safety to ourselves and to those who accompany us, are undoubtedly objects well worthy of attainment, and are within the reach of all who will make a steady exertion in the right direction, provided there be no physical impediment.

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

A SLOGGING MILL

BETWEEN

EDWARD TIERNEY AND FRANK WILSON.

The engagement, entered into some ten weeks since between these Midland, English, bantam boxers, came off satisfactorily on Nov. 18th, after a fruitless attempt to get together on the previous day. Both lads are well-known proficients in the ring. Edward Tierney, a sprig of the Emerald Isle, is (went)-three years of age, 5ft 2½in high, is one of the best built lads it is possible to find, and has the following performances to his account:—Twice defeated young Reuter, of Birmingham; matched with T. James (Ginger), of the same place, which engagement ended in a draw; defeated David Blunt, of Handsworth; also Mick Maley (Bluey), of Birmingham, a very promising feather weight; beaten by Jem Fox, of the same place, in July last. Tierney has met with a firm and constant backer in F. Clarke, formerly of the White Swan, Water street, now of the Flying Horse, Little Hampton street. Owing to some misunderstanding, however, they have not of late been on quite such good terms, and for the present engagement Tierney trained under a well-known Birmingham pug, from the house of Mr. Turner, Odd Fellows' Arms, Little Hampton street, and sported for his standard a white handkerchief, with dark blue centre and border. Frank Wilson, who has obtained the *soubriquet* of "Mouse," is a pupil of Mat Collinson, formerly of the Thatched House Tavern, Birmingham, but now of Oxford, and a most promising one too, twenty-one years of age, 5ft 3¾in. His first essay was with young Sullivan, of Birmingham, whom he polished off in such a manner as led to his being pitted against young Reuter, a boxer of much merit, and after a most determined battle, Mouse scored his second victory, Oc ober, 1862. After a long period of inactivity we find him in Nat Langham's sparring school, "Ould Nat" fancying his *protege* sufficiently to back his claims against J. M'Cormack, a distinguished metropolitan light weight, against whom, however, Wilson scored a third victory, which led to an engagement with young Cunningham, at the latter end of July in the present year. For the first time Wilson had to strike his colors, his opponent being nearly a stone bigger. On his return to "Old Brum" he was speedily provided with a customer worthy of his steel in the person of Tierney, and a match to box, at 7st. 9lb., for £15 a side, was ratified soon after the ten weeks since, which engagement was thoroughly looked forward to and regarded with the keenest interest. Wilson put his progress in hand by George Underhill, Black Boy, Staniforth street, and underwent his training with an old hand, who turned him out in most admirable fettle, reflecting great credit on that worthy's exertions. His colors were a white ground, with peach colored flowered border. The toss for place of weighing being won by Underhill, on Monday evening they scaled at Joe Warom's, Odd Fellows' Arms, Manchester street, when Wilson was found nearly 2lb. under, Tierney having but little to spare. Teddy, however, won the toss for choice of ground, and selected an old stubble field, in the direction of Coventry, as the rendezvous, the Clock at Bickrell, Eng., when an early start on Nov. 14th brought a formidable array of vehicles, the interest centred in the affair being intense. Such a chapter of accidents, however, befel the meeting on that day as is rarely witnessed even in these days of persecution in Ring matters, for after meeting respectively at the Clock, as above, the Bear's Head, Barr, Delves Green, near Walsall, and again near the Horns at Quesnett, without the shadow of a chance of bringing the affair off, from the close companionship of the police, a return home was rendered imperative, to the great disappointment of some thousands who had performed the pilgrimage most good humoredly from place to place, with the hope of ultimately witnessing the "fight game." Wednesday broke suspiciously, and, fortunately, without those disagreeable specs of "blue" so prominent on the preceding day, and the combatants met at the appointed place, the Ivy House, New Town, near Bloxwich, shortly after eight o'clock, and a ring being formed, the lads were quickly "peeled," and delivered at the scratch at five minutes to nine for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As a matter of course, the condition of the lads was keenly criticised, and to outward appearance there was not any great difference as to form both looking thoroughly fit. Subsequent events, however, told a different tale. Tierney won the toss for corners, but, curiously enough, chose that with the sun in his face. Some very pretty sparring opened the proceedings, the easy movements of the lads clearly showing that they were masters in their craft. Wilson stood well over his opponent, but Teddy was the stiffer built. After looking well for a practicable point of attack, Wilson sent out his left, but Tierney was well away, laughing. In a second attempt he landed well on the ribs, and got countered on the left cheek; they closed, countering simultaneously on the chest; a wrestle at the ropes and Tierney had the best of the throw, Wilson's mouth bleeding, whereupon first blood was claimed for him.

2. Wilson got well home on the left temple, and was countered on the mouth, Tierney again investing on the chest, which brought them to a close, when Tierney, who proved the better wrestler, threw his man a buster on the head.

3. Wilson shot out his left, but was short; in a second attempt he was neatly parried. Tierney responded well by landing heavily on the mouth and chest, when they closed, and Tierney had the best of the fall.

4. Wilson led but Tierney was out of range; in his next essay he got well home on the chest, a staggerer, from the effects of which Teddy fell on his knees.

5. The pace was now improving, both being worked up to fighting pitch. Wilson planted on the chest but was finely countered on the mouth. They now fought to a close, when Tierney tried the cross-buttock, and a long struggle ensued at the ropes, both eventually coming to grief, Wilson under, bleeding from the mouth.

6 to 14. These rounds were marked by downright earnest fighting, both men being down at the end of each, Tierney's right optic fast contracting, while the mouse bore evident marks of Teddy's visitations.

15. Tierny, as soon as he left his second's knee, made a rush at the Mouse, who met him with that determination which characterised his fighting throughout, and some telling exchanges, without let or hindrance, ensued. The bout was finished by a wrestle, much after the Cornish style, the throw being obtained by Tierny, who was evidently the better general at this game.

16. No sooner up than they countered simultaneously on the chest. A retreat was succeeded by some terrific half arm exchanges, both visiting the face, the furious manner in which they fought eliciting bursts of applause, as neither flinched from his work. Some rather long sparring of a very scientific character followed, it being evidently "bellows to mend" with both. On getting together some very fine blows were exchanged, and, encouraged by the plaudits of the spectators, they went at it "hammer and tongs," punching away to the ropes, where both went down, Tierney under.

17. Very short; a harmless exchange of blows brought them together in an affectionate embrace, when the Mouse collared his opponent, and whirled him over.

18 and 19. At work at once, the Mouse getting well on the left eye, and receiving on the chest, Tierney fought down at the finish.

20. Some very long and clever sparring, truly illustrating the modern school. Tierney, evidently thinking he saw a chance, sent out his left at the body, but was short, when the Mouse rushed to in-fighting, and some brilliant blows were exchanged, both rolling over together at the finish.

21 to 60 were distinguished by remarkable determination and pluck. At one time Tierney's star appeared to be in the ascendant as he frequently exhibited wrestling powers of a high order, while the Mouse had to sustain the repeated shocks of Teddy's right plump on the body. On the other hand, Wilson, who suffered from an attack of cold shivers, about the thirty-third round, exhibited such undeniable hardihood that Teddy's blows appeared to fall as harmless as on a coat of mail. On several occasions there was a long and determined struggle on the ropes, which generally resulted in favor of Tierney.

61 was a most brilliant bout, the lads pasting each other, and fighting all over the ring to the ropes, where the Mouse collared his man, who, to extricate himself, resorted to wrestling, (at which, it must be admitted, he was infinitely superior), and ultimately got his opponent in a critical position on the ropes, the upshot being a gentle roll over.

62. Tierney led on his favorite mark, the ribs, Mouse retaliating on the face. Another bout on the ropes, where they 'hung' for a length of time, but eventually landed on the greensward, encompassed by their seconds and a crowd of anxious watchers, Wilson under at the finish.

63 to 82, and last. Suffice it to say that, to the last, these rounds were contested with a thorough disregard of punishment; in the last seven, however, Tierney's stamina gave way to the superior wear and tear of the Mouse, who is as hard as adamant. In the 82nd round, while Wilson, who was as strong and fresh as at the commencement, held his opponent on the ropes somewhat after the manner at Farnborough, he was told to relinquish his grasp, but he adroitly answered that he had got his man safe, and meant keeping him so, and it was only at the mandate of the referee, who assured him that Tierney's second had given in for him, that he could be induced to release his prisoner. The contest lasted 2 hours 37 min., and may be regarded as a brilliant performance throughout.

DEATH OF MRS. OWEN SWIFT.—We are this week called upon to chronicle the demise of that most estimable lady, Mrs Owen Swift, which melancholy event transpired, after a few hours illness, at the residence of her husband, the Horse Shoe, Tichbourne street, Piccadilly, London, England, Nov. 15th. Her loss is an irreparable one, and will be severely felt, not only by her bereaved husband and children, who will miss the care and affection of a devoted wife and a fond mother, ever solicitous for their welfare, but by all who were in the habit of frequenting the Horse Shoe, which her cheerful and hospitable manner rendered a popular resort among many persons of the highest standing and respectability.

DEATH OF FRED. DICKENSON.—This once celebrated British pugilist died November 12th at 12:30, of dropsy, after an illness of 11 weeks, in the Infirmary Borough, London, Eng. He was born in 1829, and weighed about 11st in fighting trim. He commenced his fighting career on January 16 h 1849, at Lower Hope, by beating one Buckey, for a purse, in 19r. 58min. He then beat Bennett, £10 a side, 1h 3min, Long Reach, June 26th 1849; was beaten by Bill Cain, £25 a side, 61r. 60min, at Woking, July 17th 1850, and beat Plantagenet Green £10, 149r. 4h 30min, at Horley, July 25th, 1851. His remains were consigned to their last resting place at Victoria Park Cemetery on the 19th ult.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

HESPERIAN, Pittsburgh.—Would you have the kindness to forward us your address, that we may dispatch you a note?

E. H. C., Washington.—Welcome, as always; would quote no small portion of your interesting letter, had we space. We shall not forget the "curiosa."

ANOTHER RECRUIT.—Our correspondent, O. A. Brownson, Jr., has started a Chess column in the *Weekly Times*, Dubuque, Iowa. We emphatically condemn the uniform as in bad taste; indeed, so repulsive is it that we shall never be able to speak of the merits of its contents. Oh! reform it altogether, friend B. You have too much learning and enthusiasm to throw away your efforts for such a whim.

LE PALAMEDE'S PROBLEM TOURNEY.—Another vexatious *lapsus* has again occurred in this department of Chess. Mons. Lamouroux and Dr. Conrad Bayer were awarded first and second prizes, out of an immense competition. Says Herr Loewenthal: "There can be little doubt that the Paris judges selected the two best sets of problems for the first and second prizes. Some question may arise, however, whether these places were justly assigned. This is a delicate point; nevertheless, we can but remark on the singular manner in which the French committee have laid themselves open to criticism. We do not for a moment suppose that in assigning the first prize to one of their own countrymen they were actuated by any but an artistic feeling. But what is the result? One of M. Lamoroux's problems is utterly wrong. The sett, therefore, is completely vitiated; and the first prize ought, in common fairness, to be given to Herr Bayer."

CHESS BY TELEGRAPH.—QUEBEC VS. MONTREAL.—The interciviC Chess Tournament, by telegraph, "Quebec vs. Montreal," which has engaged the attention of Caissa's disciples in both cities for some time past, terminated on Thursday morning, Nov. 23d, in favor of Quebec, by a majority of five games. Some of the most experienced and skilful practitioners in the Provinces were arrayed against each other, as will be seen by the annexed score. Eighteen games in all were played, out of which number Quebec won 11; Montreal 6, and one game was drawn:

Quebec.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Montreal.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
Mr. Holt	1	2	0	Prof. Howe	2	1	0
Mr. White	1	2	0	Prof. Hicks	2	1	0
Mr. Champion	2	1	0	Mr. Barrie	1	2	0
Lt. Pope, 7th Fusiliers	2	0	1	Mr. Workman	0	2	1
Mr. Sanderson	2	1	0	Mr. Ascher	1	2	0
Mr. Andrews	3	0	0	Mr. Glackmeyer	0	3	0

Enigma No. 509.

FIRST PRIZE PROBLEM.—BY M. LAMOUROUX.

"Benne Chance."

at K Kt sq, K Kt 8, Q 6, K sq, Q B 8, K B 2, K B 5, Q Kt 6th, and White Pawns at Q B 4, and K Kt 3d.

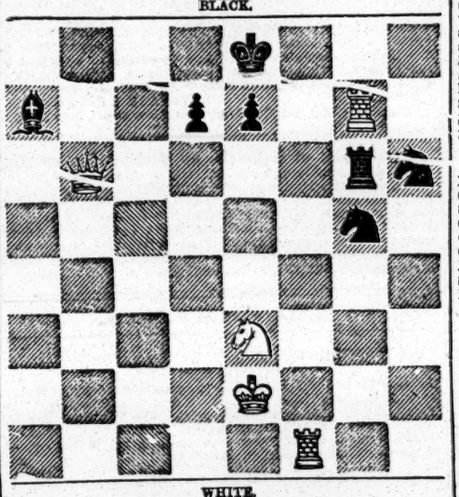
at K B 6, Q R sq, Q R 6, K Kt 2, K R sq, Q 2, K Kt 3, Q B 7th, and Black Pawns at K R 4, K Kt 5, and K Kt 7th.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Problem No. 509.

BY A. Z. HUGGINS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Game No. 509.

The Third and close of the Series.

Partie between the Rev. W. Wayte and the Rev. E. D. Rhodes.

KIESERITZKY GAMBIT.

Attack, Rev. W. Wayte.	Defence, Rev E. D. Rhodes	Attack, Rev W. Wayte.	Defence, Rev E. D. Rhodes
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	12. Q B — P (c)	K B × Kt (d
2. P × B P	K P × P	13. Q 1st P × B	P-K Kt 6
3. K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	14. Q B × P	R Kt × B
4. P-K R 4	P-K Kt 5	15. K R × P	Q-R 8 + (e)
5. K Kt-K 5	R Kt-B 3	16. K-his B 2	Q-K B 5 (f)
6. K B-B 4	P-Q 4	17. P-K 6	Kt-B 4 dis +
7. K P × P	K B-Q 3	18. K-Kt sq	Q-K Kt 4
8. P-Q 4	K Kt-R 4	19. Q-K B 3	K Kt-Q 5
9. Q Kt B 3	Q K 2	20. K R-B 8 +	K-his 2
10. K B-Kt 5 +	K-Q sq (a)	21. Q-K B 7 +	K-Q 3
11. Castles	Q × B P (b)	22. Kt-K 4 +, and the Defence resigns.	

(a) We now urge the student to re-examine the commentaries of the two preceding weeks, at this point.

(b) If he plays 11. K B × Kt, the Attack still maintains his position, *e. g.*:

11.	K B × Kt	13. K R to K sq	Q-K B 3
12. Q 1st P × B	Q × K P	14. Q-R 2, with good attack.	

(c) By snatching at the Rook the Attack would have lost the game, thus:

12. Kt × B P +	K to his 2	15. Q to K 8 +	K to Kt 2
13. K Kt × B	P-K Kt 6	16. Q-B 7 +	K × K Kt
14. Q-K sq +	K-his B sq	17. Q-K 8 +	K Kt 2, and wins the *partie*.

(d) To avert the threatened loss of Queen.

(e) At first sight 15. Q B to Kt 5th looks promising; but the Attack would retort Q to her 2d, with advantage.

(f) Exchanging Queens would not improve his game.

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To Correspondents.

NOBODY, Philadelphia, Pa.—Many thanks for the "notice." It came barely in time. "Fancy" occasionally plays very "fantastic tricks." Will you please forward the address of E. Hull, Esq., in your next.

JOHN SCOFIELD, Newark, N. J.—1. We cannot supply you with Anderson's work, at present. It will probably cost about $2.50. 2. We do receive solutions from anybody and everybody. Don't be bashful.

C. ALLEN, Roxbury, Mass.—Glad to hear from you. The position appears this week.

Game No. 43.—Vol. XIII.

THE CROSS.

Communicated by W. S. KNIGHT.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 18	12..18 to 25	29 to 22
2.. 8 11	27 23	13..11 16	27 23
3.. 4 8	23 19	14..16 20	32 27
4.. 9 14	18 9	15..15 18	22 15
5.. 5 14	22 17	16.. 7 11	19 16
6..15 18	26 22	17..11 18	24 19
7..11 15	17 13	18..18 22	19 15
8.. 7 11	22 17	19..22 31 (a)	16 11
9.. 2 7	31 27	20..31 24	11 4
10.. 1 5	30 26	21..10 26	17 1
11.. 5 9	25 22	22..26 27 (b)	13 6

(a) 12 to 19 loses.

( ) The game may be prolonged, but is drawn by correct play.

Position No. 67, Vol. XIII. Position No. 68, Vol. XIII.

By C. ALLEN. By "NOBODY."—END-GAME.

BLACK. BLACK.

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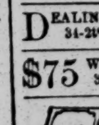

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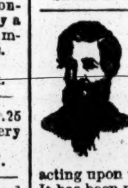

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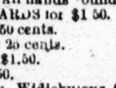

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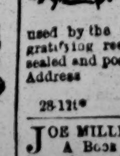

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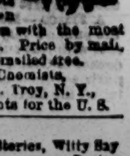

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City Summary.

MONDAY, Dec. 4, 65.

Is it not about time we had the periodical harangue from the pulpit against the stage in this city? What are our pious friends about that they permit the youthful city of Chicago to anticipate them in their annual onslaught against actors and actresses? Have Manager Grau and the *Herald* anything to do with this western *coup de pulpit?* Is it not sufficient that Chicago should eclipse us in opera and other fine arts, without conspiring to rob us of our thunder from the pulpit? As neighbor Bennett very truthfully observes in an editorial on a third-rate troupe of opera singers in Chicago, "Verily the west is looming up in the art world, while in the metropolis opera is falling into decrepitude;" and he might have added, with just as clear a conscience, "since the Chicago preacher Hatfield entered the ring against the stage, the metropolitan pulpit has gone to seed." Come, brush up, good Mister Preachermen; don't let the Chicago Spurgeon rob you of your thunder. Somebody in the pulpit knock some actor body's hat off, or tread on somebody's coat-tail, or something? Chicago may beat us in the arts on the *Herald* plan, but she can't beat us on the preach. We'll tell you a little story about a member of a very pious flock in Chicago. One of the reverend brother's most devoted disciples is an old lady who was born pious, had her piety instilled into her with her mother's milk; she, like her favorite preacher, denounced the theatre, the circus, the nigger show, and everything of that sort. She could see nothing good in worldly things except in an old goose belonging to a worldly neighbor, and this sinful goose the pious old lady stole. She was caught in the act, tried for the theft, and convicted. As usual, on the next sabbath day this pious old woman was found in her accustomed place in the church. A worldly neighbor, who despises hypocrisy, met her coming from meeting, and said to her,—"Why, Mommy Green, you haven't been to church, have you, after stealing that goose?" "Yes, indeedy, honey," replied the pious thief, "you wouldn't have me give up my blessed Lord for an old goose, would you?" Such is Chicago piety, as exemplified in the teachings of one of its assailants against the stage......The "Musical Union" isn't altogether dissolved yet, although quite a number of come-outers have dropped the concern, much to the discomfiture of the society, and returned to their places in the theatres. Being in a comic strain just now—having been "secured at a very heavy expense" to make some funny jokes for a new paper shortly to be published here—we'll give you a comic strain or two about our harmonious friends who joined this Union society, likewise of some which didn't:—

THE FIDDLING COCK SPARROW.

Once a little musician, in a big orchestre,
He fiddled and fluted so merry was he:
For this little musician in this big orchestre
Was contended and happy on a fair salaree;
Was contented and happy and merry was he,
Was contented and happy and merry was he,
Was contented and happy on a fair salaree,
Was this little musician in a big orchestre.

Then a vicious boy came with his bow and reed arrow,
Determined to ruin this musical sparrow;
So this naughty boy came with his bow and reed arrow,
And said you must strike for our Union to-morrow,
And said you must strike for our Union to-morrow,
And said you must strike for our Union to morrow,
Determined to ruin this musical sparrow,
And said you must strike for our Union to-morrow.

Then this naughty boy said, as his bow-string he drew,
"These little musicians I'll get in a stew,
In the Union I'll make them the dirty work do;"
But he missed his aim, snapped his bow-string in two:
Cries the little musician you'll get me in no stew,
Cries the little musician that never will do;
Cries the little musician you'll get me in no stew,
For I'll not join your Union, no, d—d if I do.

......Shakespeare has at last got a foothold on Broadway, and the legitimate thrives apace at Niblo's under the fostering care of the tragedian, Forrest. We are therefore in the enjoyment of full and plenty of the good things of the sweet Bard of Avon, among which are the following:—"The tragical historie of Richarde ye Third, and the Murther of his innocente Nephewes in the Tower; wythe the whole Course of his detestide Lyfe, and his most deserved Deathe, slaine by Henrie Earle of Richmonde, in the bloudie Batayle of Bosworthe Fielde, in Lestershire. The true Chronicle of Kynge Henrie the 8th, wythe the castlie Coronatione of Queene Anne Bulleyne, the Cunninge of Cardinal Woolsay, wythe his Disgrace and Deathe, wythe the Byrthe and Chrystianning of our gracious Princess Elizabethe. The true and wonderful Chronicle Historie of Leare, Kynge of Englande, wythe his lyfe and deathe, with the unfortunate lyfe of Edgar, heyre to the Earle of Gloster and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom a Bedlame. Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, his Tragedie, wythe his just revenge on the adulterous Kynge Claudius and the poysoning of the Queene Gertrude. The Tragedie of Macbethe, shewinge how by treacherie and manifold murders, he obtain'd the crown of Scotland wythe his well deserved deathe. Othello, the Moore of Venice, with his deathe and strangling the fair Desdemona." All of these and others of a like nature are in store for us ere Shakespeare takes his leave. Let us be thankful that the works of the great poet are attracting as crowded houses as the works of Boucicault have done. Talking about Shakespeare, an Irish friend of ours, a red-hot Fenian, too, assures us that the tragedy of "Hamlet" was originally written and composed by the celebrated Mike McGinnis, of Limerick, Ireland, and *insarted* in Shakespeare's works. Can this be true, or is our Fenian friend guying us? Who can tell?......We meet some queer sticks in our travels at night. Did we tell you about a debating society we were lately induced to visit? Question "up" for discussion was "*is* the pen mightier than the sword?" The young gentleman chosen to defend the sword suddenly closed all discussion by triumphantly exclaiming, "And what does the pen amount to, after all? It don't amount to nothin'; you can do without it altogether, because it's work can be just as well done with a lead pencil." And he was right, too. That youth will yet make his pencil mark in the world. There's a great deal of fun at some of these debating societies; its as good as a play. We attended a gathering one night when the question under discussion was whether England or France produced the greatest literary men. England's champion ran over a long list of British-celebrities in the literary world, pointing out their merits, the gems of their works, etc., and then sat down. The advocate of France—a gentleman of the sunny south of New Jersey—proudly arose, looked with contempt upon his antagonist in the literary fray, and said—"It has taken my friend a long time to make out even the semblance of a case for the literary men of England; he has given us a long list of English names, but with one stroke of the pen I eradicate them all; I wipe them out with the single name of Napoleon Bonaparte." The company rather sided with him, too, and thereafter the English champion and his literary celebrities had to take a back seat......The miscegenation party, or the Niggers of all Nations, a new band of minstrels, commenced operations in this city on Nov. 27th. It's an odd mixture, and may be called a "new novelty." A report of the opening proceedings of this National Nigger Society may be found in another column.

EDWIN FORREST appeared as Hamlet on Nov. 27th, to a densely packed audience. There are many who find fault with his impersonation of the Dane, but we are inclined to put his conception of the *role* on an equal footing with the best we have yet seen attempt it. Mr. Forrest makes the Prince a confiding, amiable young man, with great strength of will, and great particular intentions, with all the keen perceptions of a sensitive heart, of liberal and refined culture, of noble and courteous breeding. We recollected Forrest's Hamlet of other days, and were not prepared to witness a performance so different in every respect from his former representation of it, and so near the Hamlet that Shakespeare drew. The talents he exhibited in former days, improved by attention and study, now display themselves in the excellence of his delineation and the accurate knowledge of his part. There is much in Hamlet that Forrest fully appreciates, there is little in the play that he does not well *understand*. How foolish it is for any one to say that he does not fully understand the true meaning of the author in this play, when he has made Shakespeare a life study. On Nov. 28th, he appeared as Jack Cade, which was repeated on the 30th, to a very crowded house. This piece was written in 1835 by the late Judge Conrad, and was originally produced in Philadelphia, with Mr. Ingersoll as Cade. Mr. Forrest produced it, much altered, at the Park Theatre, in 1840, since which time he has made it one of his best cards. Mr. Forrest's acting of Cade was excellent, and he was deservedly applauded, and in the right place; too. McCullough's Clifford was a well studied performance, acted with judgment and discrimination. Mr. Raiston did justice to the part of Say, and Mr. Collier as Mowbray, was good. Marianne, by Mrs. Agnes Perry, was excellently acted, and was just the impersonation that Forrest desired of the loving, gentle and heroic Marianne. Throughout the play her acting was natural, and elicited the heartiest applause. In the "mad scene" she could not have been truer to the intent of the author. There were here and there a few faults, which intruded only, perhaps, to make the critical auditor better appreciate the general excellence of her performance. On the 1st inst., Forrest repeated 'King Lear."

COMING HOME.—Adah Isaacs Menken is expected in this city about the first of next January.

A FIASCO.—Messrs. Thorpe and Overin's attempt to force upon the public a very poor minstrel troupe as a first class one has met with just such a rebuke as it deserved. The Church on the corner of Grand and Crosby streets having been engaged for the purpose, the company opened there on November 27th. On entering the building we found that very little alteration had been made. The seats consisted of the pews just as when divine service had been held there, with no cushions upon them. There was a stage and a sort of proscenium, also stage wings, but the proscenium was the bare boards without any paint, and the wings were covered with the cheapest paper. The entrance to the dressing room was by a ladder in front of the stage and in full view of the audience. This was the 'gorgeous scenery" announced in the bills. The curtain went up on a house about two-thirds full, the parquet being comfortably filled, but not the least crowded, and the gallery not half full. As the curtain went up, Mr. Gerard, the interlocutor, announced the non-appearance of T. Donaldson, one of the end men, whose place would be filled by T. Bolus. The curtain went up and exposed the company to view, and some of them looked as if they had gone to a wardrobe establishment and took anything they could catch hold of; they consisted of fifteen all told in the first part, in the following order: end (bones) T. Bolus, in the character of a Dutchman; a dark dressed as a Yank, with white hat on; Walter Field, with Scotch vest, pants and cap, black coat; a Russian, a Turk, an Italian, a Chinese; then the middle man and three others in full suits of black; then an Indian, two men in black suits, and the end man as an Irishman. This embraced the "Minstrels of all Nations." In the company are T. Bolus and J. H. Clifford, end men; F. Gerard, interlocutor; Geo. Guy, baritone; Walter Field, first tenor; Warren White, (one of the oldest performers in the business, and one of the original party that went to England in 1842, and lately with the Castle-Campbell Troupe,) John Braham, first violin; Mr. Walsh, violoncello; H. Merritt, stump speech; Louis Bracht, cornet; D. Healey, the Clark Brothers, Sig. Martini, &c. The first part passed off very tamely, the jokes were nearly all very old, and what were not, were the worst we ever listened to, and the middle man was not up in his business. Clifford's song of "Murphy's Arrival in New York," stated on the bills to have been written expressly for the company, was Dan Bryant's old song of "Finnegan's Wake," but save us from hearing it sung as it was on this occasion. The only good thing in the first part was Walter Field's singing of "Thou art so near, &c." The second part commenced with a Spanish dance by Sig. Martini, and he had such a ridiculous make up for a wench that he was laughed and guyed at by a number of the audience. Any one that has seen the caricature of Forrest as Spartacus can imagine how Martini looked. He has not the least idea of dancing, and is as awkward as any one could be on the stage. Clifford's Mississippi Fling was very quizby. In fact, the performance on the whole was one of the worst we ever saw, and we have seen the worst that has ever appeared in the small towns of the West. And this is the party that was going to make such a revolution in the burnt cork business! The second night the house was not half full, notwithstanding the *Herald* that morning gave them a first-rate notice, and stated "that the performance was duly appreciated by a crowd which filled the spacious building to repletion; each of the members displayed a proficiency in his branch throwing the efforts of previous minstrel bands in the shade. All were pleased; and, from the frequent encores of the audience, we promise a brilliant and lengthened success to the company." This *was* a good notice, but contained not a word of truth. On Wednesday evening we were again on hand. The house was not nearly half full, and it only seats in the parquet 500 and gallery 275, but the *Herald* the next morning stated that the troupe were attended "with immense success," and "No wonder the temple is jammed." We also noticed on that evening that Clifford had doffed the Irish costume and donned a full suit of black, no doubt feeling the foolish and ridiculous figure he presented. If this company want to last, let them travel through the far west and make one night stands, and then they may do well, but they will not be countenanced by audiences so well up in minstrelsy as New Yorkers are.

GEORGE CHRISTY'S new minstrel Opera House, located on Twenty-fourth street, near the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and formerly known as Gallaher's Gold Exchange, was opened to the public on Nov. 30th. On the 1st inst. we were present and found the parquet comfortably filled, but not crowded, and the dress circle not quite full. The Hall is a very pretty one and will compare favorably with any in the country. The circle is seated with benches well upholstered, and the parquet with Allen's patent revolving chairs. The stage is well supplied with scenery, and the "drop," representing Byron's dream, is a very creditable work of art. The company numbers fourteen people in the first part. George Christy and W. S. Budworth have the ends, George Hall is interlocutor and basso, Walter Birch tenor, J. Tannenbaum leader, and Mr. Wannemacher second violin. F. Abbott is wench dancer, C. Gardiner wooden shoe dancer, and Mast. Frank Budworth song and dance. George Christy is perfectly at home with the bones, and his song and jokes take very well with the audience. He told one new gag, at least we never heard it before as he told it, and it was refreshing to hear *one* new gag, which is a rarity now-a-days with minstrel companies. The rest of the gags by the end men were old, the majority of which were very flat, stale and unprofitable. Budworth does pretty well on his end; he has toned himself down so much to suit the locality that nearly all of his former coarseness and rough gags have disappeared. Mr. Hall's style of opening the evening's entertainment was certainly original with him, and we cannot say that it is very elegant. He said, "Gentlemen, we will commence with the first thing on the programme, which is the overture." This speech was a little too much for a number in our immediate neighborhood, who had to snicker right out in meeting. Mr. Hall is a pretty good middle man and seems to understand his business thoroughly, but he should correct this little fault. The instrumental music is pretty fair, but the singing is below mediocrity, and certainly not what such an audience as is expected to patronize the establishment will much relish. Mr. Birch is by no means even a second rate tenor, and Mr. Hall is certainly not a good basso. The quartet is not exactly what it should be. A better singing party must be engaged if the company wish to succeed. The olio business commenced with J. E. Green's singing of the "Mocking Bird," with imitations, and it was one of the best things we ever listened to. He was very loudly applauded and deservedly received a hearty *encore*. F. Abbott next appeared in a wench dance. This style of business is about played out with first class minstrel companies, very few such companies having it on their bills. Without a first class dancer it is simply ridiculous to have it done. The Challenge Dance followed, and in it George Christy created a great deal of laughter and was very funny. With but one exception we never saw it done better. W. S. Budworth sang a new song on Barnum's Museum, accompanied on the banjo. It is a good subject but is very poorly written up, some of the verses being out of rhythm and anything but funny. The rest of the programme was pretty good. George Christy is performing now better than we ever saw him before, and is working very hard to make the place succeed, which there is not a doubt of, if he will make several changes and engage a really good quartet, all of whom should be solo singers.

"THE OCTOROON" was revived at the Winter Garden Nov. 27th, with Rose Eytinge as Zoe, John S. Clarke as Scudder, C. Walcot, Jr., as Pete, and John Dyott as McCloskey. The piece was very well put on the stage, and in several instances well acted. Mr. Clarke's delineation of the Yankee was an uneven performance, and although we think this one of Clarke's poorest impersonations, yet there are portions of it which are very good. At times he forgets himself and loses his dialect, then again he appears as the real live "Yank" to advantage. Miss Eytinge as Zoe was as cold and lifeless as marble. She had not the least idea of what the character should be, and her acting was anything but good. Dyott's McCloskey was a capital performance, Hanley also did well as the Indian; but the best performance in the piece was the Pete of Walcot, which was better performed than we ever before have seen it, and we have witnessed a number of good actors attempt it. His make-up was excellent, and his walk and action just exactly as we have seen old darks in South Carolina. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Mr. Walcot for his rendering of this character. "The Octoroon" is to be on the bills for the present.

THE CIRCUS performance continues to be one of the most attractive entertainments that Mr. Barnum has yet offered his patrons. Eaton Stone and Charley Sherwood, the principal cards, appear every afternoon and evening in a well-selected bill. The laughable act of "Mons. and Mad. Dennie" is up for this week. A dramatic performance is given previous to the equestrian display, and the living curiosities are also shown up. Mr. Barnum has just hit it by introducing spangles in his establishment.

THIS is the ninth week of 'Sam" at the Broadway Theatre, and we have nothing to add to what we have already written of this piece. The house continues to be crowded each evening, and on Saturday afternoons.

C. PARSLOE, JR., wishes us to say that the rumor of his intending to start on a starring tour is without foundation. At the termination of "Sam," at the Broadway, he has been engaged by Manager Jarrett to play the bootblack for a number of weeks in the drama of the "Streets of New York," in Providence and other eastern cities.

THE MINSTRELS known as the San Francisco's are as popular as ever with the public, and play to full houses every night.

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY," after a successful and profitable run at the Olympic, gives way this evening to the spectacle of "Monte Cristo," with that excellent actor E. L. Davenport in the leading *role*, Mr. Davenport having been engaged expressly for the piece, and whose stay there has been limited to twelve weeks. Great care is said to have been taken in putting this piece on the stage, and as it admits of great scenic display we look for something very fine from the pencil of Mr. Hayes. A large and efficient ballet has been secured, introducing M'lle Guilletta Bronner and Mons. Guiseppe Cardelis, who are said to be from the theatres of Milan and Turin. M'lle Elise and Mons. Leon M. Corrad also appear.

EDWIN FORREST appears this evening at Niblo's as Virginius, on the 5th as Othello, and 7th as Metamora.

"ARRAH NA POGUE" attracts excellent houses at Niblo's on the Forrest off nights.

THE SAW DUST is one of the principal features in this city. Three establishments give their patrons feats in the equestrian, gymnastic and acrobatic way, but the most attractive one is the Hippotheatron on Fourteenth street. Every night the house is densely crowded and often numbers are turned away. The company engaged is one of the best ever brought together in this city. Mad. Tourniaire is the principal card. The matinees on Wednesday and Saturday are largely attended.

THE BRYANTS jog along in the even tenor of their way, attracting large and appreciative audiences. A diversified programme is offered each evening, and all seem satisfied—the patrons with the show, and the managers with the amount of patronage bestowed.

ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 7th inst., nearly all of our places of amusement will give day performances. The Hippotheatron will hold forth at 10½ in the morning and 2½ in the afternoon. Barnum will give a performance nearly every hour during the day. The Broadway will give an afternoon performance commencing at 1½. The San Francisco Minstrels give a show at 1½. Wood's Minstrels will all appear in an afternoon performance; also, Tony Pastor's company in the Bowery; and the New Bowery Theatre company will perform "Jack Sheppard," 'Forty Thieves" and "War in China."

THE BOWERY CIRCUS was visited last week by very large audiences, and the *matinees* on Wednesday and Saturday were crowded. Young Charles Fish put in an appearance last week, and rode a very good principal act. This week there will be many changes, and several new faces are announced to appear. Mr. Montpellier gives a long show, which seems to suit the East siders.

WE VISITED 444 on Saturday evening last for the purpose of seeing the show, but it was with the greatest difficulty we could get a sight of the stage. We found not only every seat in the house occupied, but the aisles were very crowded. All the windows along the side alley were filled, and out in the alley were a number of spectators standing on barrels, peeping in at the windows. The two stoves in the rear of the parquet were also taken possession of, several persons sitting upon and clinging to them. At this state of affairs our chance was a very poor one; however, we managed by considerable squeezing to get a standpoint and see a little of the performance. Thompson and Kerns were doing a double song and dance, in which act they have no superiors in the business. They have a host of imitators, but they excel every one we have ever seen. The plantation dance of "Red Hot" followed, introducing Charley White, James Wambold, Denny Gallagher and others, who did the thing up in true plantation style. The afterpiece was an allegory in three tableaux, entitled "Fenianism, or Ireland, Past, Present and Future," which was very well done.

FREDERICK ROBINSON, the gentleman that was engaged in London for Wallack's Theatre, and who has been enjoying the beauties of Quarantine down the bay for a long time, will shortly make his *debut* at Wallack's, in the old London piece called "Wonderful Woman" and "Dreams of Delusion." He is said to be a first class walking gentlemen, and well up in "lovers' parts."

RUMOR says that a party of gentlemen, among whom are John Brougham and Lucy Rushton's agent, have leased Dr. Osgood's Church on Broadway, and now known as the Athenæum, and intend altering it into a theatre. We doubt this very much, as Mr Stewart, the owner, not only demands an enormous rental, but will not permit any alterations to be made but what conform to his ideas, and we do not think that arrangements of this kind can be satisfactorily agreed on.

THE NEW BOWERY gave its patrons the drama of 'Peep O'Day" three evenings last week; notwithstanding it attracted good houses, it was withdrawn for other novelties. On the 2d, 'Captain Kidd," a regular Saturday night piece, was given to a very crowded house. This evening the Historical drama of "Robin Hood," the drama of "Tartar Horde," and that screaming farce of "That Blessed Baby," will be performed. Manager Lingard has a host of novelties in preparation for his patrons.

MR. MONTPELIER has engaged the services of Marietta Zanfretta, tight rope artist, and Fred Lazelle, gymnast, for his circus this week.

PROF. AND MAD. WISEMAN are holding forth at Hope Chapel.

FENIANISM is certainly on the brain of a large class of people on this side of the Atlantic. Fenian dramas are being performed in a number of theatres all over the country, and in this city three places of amusement are dishing up the subject in afterpieces. Manager Wood, of Wood's Minstrels, produces this evening a drama entitled "A Fair Fenian Fight for Freedom," introducing all the members of the company. Considerable pains have been taken to present it to the public; new scenery, properties, wardrobe and appointments having been gotten up expressly for it. It is said to be favorable to the Fenian cause, exhibiting the present and future state of Ireland. It was written expressly for this company and has been copyrighted. If only a small portion of the Fenians in this city attend, the hall will not be large enough to accommodate them.

TO KEEP PACE WITH THE TIMES.—Tony Pastor will bring out at his Opera House in the Bowery, this evening, an Irish drama entitled "The Fenian's Dream, or Ireland Free at Last." Several new scenes have been painted for it, and it is expected to enjoy a run. The entertainment offered last week was a good one, consisting of Martini Chiriski's wire walking act, which is exceedingly well done. Marietta Zanfretta also walked the tight rope with great daring and grace. The Buffalo Boys do a good double clog dance, and Master Barry is clever in a song and dance. Willis Armstrong, Billy Reeve, and Johnny Wild make a good team in burnt cork.

DRAMATIC AGENCIES are useful institutions, and that presided over by Messrs. Conner & Co., in this city, is not the least, as they now do an extensive business in supplying the wants of both managers and people, whether in procuring engagements or filling vacancies. They also have a purchasing agency through which anything can be procured, whether in the theatrical line or not. In this week's CLIPPER, Messrs. Conner & Co. have several advertisements, to which the attention of the profession is hereby called.

AN EXPOSE.—Mr. H. M. Foy, formerly the confederate of the Davenport brothers, and therefore one who ought to "know the ropes," has taken Cooper Institute for a number of nights for the purpose of informing the public how the Davenport's did their wonderful feats which they attributed to spiritualism. He promises to do all the feats performed by the brothers, and in gas light, so that all can see what is going on. It promises to be as interesting if not more so than were the entertainments of the originals. For particulars see advertisement in another column.

THE MEMORIAL CONCERT for Vincent Wallace comes off on the 14th inst. at the Academy of Music. The programme will comprise selections from "Lurline," and "Maritana," and some of the late composer's songs. Among the volunteer talent are the Liederkranz, Harmonia, Orion, and Mendelssohn Societies, Miss Kellogg, Adelaide Phillips, Wm. Castle, S. C. Campbell and others.

AS WE ANNOUNCED in the CLIPPER a few weeks ago, Edwin Booth will follow John S. Clarke at the Winter Garden. He will open in "Hamlet," and Charles Barron is expected to support him. Mr. Booth will doubtless play the most brilliant engagements ever fulfilled by any star, native or to the manor born.

MR. SLOMAN, globe balancer, equestrian, &c., will leave this city on Monday next, 11th inst., for the West Indies, taking with him an exhibition consisting of a wax work representation of the assassination of President Lincoln, stereoscoptic views, &c. Mr. Sloman will give his first entertainment in Nassau, N. P.

MEYERBEER'S "L'Africaine" was produced for the first time in this country, at the Academy of Music on the 1st inst. We have not yet seen it, and therefore defer a notice of the new play until next week.

"OCEANA is the gal for me." That's what we heard a youth of the leather-polishing persuasion chanting the other day, and there are a good many swains who think so too, although they may not set their thoughts to music. This lady has had a new piece, called "Hilda, the Warrior Queen," written expressly for her, with which she will soon astonish the natives at Barnum's Museum. Henri Loraine is her agent. See advertisement.

Dramatic.

"THE CHILD STEALER," Lucille Western's new play, was withdrawn at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, on the 30th Nov., after a run of ten nights. One of the best-acted bits in Miss Western's part was her drunken scene, which she performed in a very natural manner, and made quite a feature of. Mr. Ward played the part of a detective very cleverly, creating a good deal of merriment by his queer sayings; in characters of this kind as well as in those of the colored persuasion, Mr. Ward has few superiors. Mr. Walter Lennox was successful as Jemmy Jupp, a thief; the scenes between Jemmy and his uncle, the detective, were very amusing. The play was only partially successful; it occupied nearly four hours in representation, and in some instances was somewhat tedious. Miss Josie Orton, as Maud, looked and acted splendidly; we have seldom seen her to better advantage. The irrepressible "East Lynne" followed, on the 1st, for Miss W's benefit. Her engagement continues this week.

WASHINGTON seems to be doing pretty well for the show folks, judging by the following letter, which is from our correspondent "Americus," and dated Nov. 30th. He says:—"It is not to be wondered at that our public should suddenly evince such an interest in theatricals, when the managers of our several places of amusement are making such strenuous efforts to please. In the theatrical annals of our goodly city I can find no record where so much interest has been manifested in the drama as during the present season. In truth, our managers have offered feast after feast, and at present there is no sign of the ravenous appetite of the theatrical public becoming satiated. By far the greatest of these is the engagement of Mr J. E. Murdoch at Grover's. An alternation of tragedy and comedy has been offered since he came, and the crowded houses which witness nightly his performances, testify to his abilities as an actor. On the 27th 'Much Ado about Nothing' was produced, with Murdoch as Benedick. His rendition of this liveliest of Shakespeare's heroes was indeed most excellent. The support rendered by the company was efficient. Messrs. Bangs (Don Pedro), Fenno (Don John), Chaplin (Claudio), and Philips (Leonato), were very good in their especial parts. Lamb and Crane as Dogberry and Verges were most excellent, giving true representations of the ideals formed by reading this comedy. Messrs. Mortimer as Antonio and Smith as Borachio were good. As Beatrice, Miss Clara Walters appeared to better advantage than she has during the season. Her intonations were perfect, although her gestures were rather superfluous. The interest of the evening was enhanced by the first appearance since her severe illness of Miss Blanche Grey, who assumed the *role* of Hero. I imagine that it would be difficult to find a fairer one. Her part was well rendered, although traces of her illness could still be detected. The characters of Ursilla and Margaret were sustained by Miss Eldridge and Mrs. Mortimer. On the 28th 'Hamlet' was repeated for the third time since Mr. Murdoch's engagement, with the same cast as before. At each production of this play, some new point for admiration is discovered in Murdoch's rendition, and judging from this I should not wonder if 'Hamlet' would be reproduced several times during his engagement. Mr. Murdoch appeared on the 29th as Alfred Evelyn, in 'Money,' to a fair house, not so good as heretofore, owing to the miserable weather, our first snow having made its appearance on that day. To-night the 'School for Scandal' will be repeated, with Murdoch as Chas. Surface."

CHAS. BARRAS, who with Miss Sallie St. Clair was to open at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, Dec. 4th, for two weeks, has sold his time to Leonard Grover for $1,000. Grover gives two weeks of German opera there.

THE PULPIT AND THE STAGE.—Every once in a while we hear of attacks of the clergy on the actor and the dramatic profession. The latest is the Rev. Dr. Hatfield, in Chicago, who made a wholesale attack on the profession in that city, doing it up in regular sensation style, making charges against the ladies and gentlemen of that calling which were false in every particular. His sensation stump speech was taken hold of by Wm. Cowell, husband of Anna Cowell, the actress, and in a very able article delivered at McVicker's Theatre, lately, and which was reported in last week's CLIPPER, by Mrs. Cowell, proved how false the Reverend's accusations were. The Rev. Robert Collyer, of the Unitarian Church of that city, determined that Mrs. Cowell should not have all the glory, has come out in a sermon opposing the views of Dr. Hatfield and in praise of the drama. The following are extracts from the Rev. Mr. Collyer's discourse:—"I went in London, as I go here when I think I shall be better and not worse for it, to the play. I went three times to three great historic theatres, because I wanted to see places about which I had read so much, and because I wanted to note the attainment of the better civilization. I can only tell you of one. The play had run one hundred and forty-five nights; the house was full, packed everywhere. I sat in the pit, because I knew that there I could feel the heart-beat of the people. There was not one line, from beginning to end, that I could not repeat in this pulpit. The story was a most touching one, turning on the absolute fidelity of husband to wife, and wife to husband, through evil report and good report, through honor and apparent dishonor. The scenes were of exquisite perfection; the music good, and there we sat weeping and laughing, as one man, as the master touched this key and that, and I said to myself, here now are some thousands of people gathered out of London, most of them after the long day's grapple with the hardnesses and meannesses of their daily occupation, out of homes in which there is, alas, but little room for beauty; from the plane of a life, that, on the whole, is low. They came here where this beauty of moonlight, and sunlight, and mountain and meadow appeals to the sight; this music to the ear; and this great lesson, that it is only noble to be good, to the heart. If I were a preacher here I would gladly see them in my church, but I could not get them, and if I did I might not reach them; they might go to sleep; but here every nature quivers to its finest tension; and in that moment this master strikes his sweetest chords and leaves his truest lesson. In the other theatres the one play was quite, and the other nearly as good; but the worst of the three, in this adaptation to our life, was the greatest work of the last age—Sheridan's "School for Scandal." It was neither so popular, nor so pure and so high as the other, and it had no right to be. Friends, I have preached to you some three hundred sermons, and this is the first I have devoted to this subject, so small a part do I conceive it has a right to occupy in my Sabbath thought and exhortation. I might not have spoken of it now, had not my attention been called to it by the very interesting public discussions we have all noticed. But I am glad of this opportunity to say this word, though I may preach three hundred sermons more before I say another. I would as earnestly and anxiously as any man root up these tares, but I would also spare the wheat. You would stand by the opera; you would like to see that go on; so would I; but I would stand by the theatre. If there was the least indecency in it I would suppress that by the police, if needful, as we suppress by the police every other indecency. But let the play be good, the ballad true, then I stand by all the theatres. For I tell you that 'longshoreman who goes stamping into the Varieties—out of his squalid life—and there sees and hears what is far above the level of that life, but that reaches down to him and lifts him up, if it be but for an hour, into an atmosphere of better thoughts and things—though he knows it is only a play—that man is better than if he had sat in his poor room, nursing his coarse instincts, infinitely better than if he had spent the money in that liquid fire and brimstone, saloon whiskey. He will be more of a gentleman to his wife, more gentle to his children, more of a man every way, while the spell is upon him; and as he is clean out of my reach, I am glad he is within the reach of anybody that can do him any good."

THINGS THEATRICAL have an upward tendency in Milwaukee, Wis., and, says a correspondent, the citizens have been making up for past times by liberally supporting the well deserved exertions and excellent management of Mr. T. E. Mills, who has got together one of the best companies of actors in the West. He is an excellent artist and thoroughly understands placing the drama upon the stage so as to please the most critical of his patrons, and their name is legion. Mr. Mills has been with us nearly twelve months, and experience has taught him the wants of our citizens.

ETTIE HENDERSON was warmly eulogised by the Louisville press while performing there. Among the many flattering notices she received was the following voluntary tribute to her talent by the Louisville *Journal*:—"It is pleasing to see true merit rewarded, and we like to assist in rewarding it.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but *merit* wins the soul.

Thus sang Pope, and many of our citizens last night felt the truth of his rhyme. Miss Ettie Henderson, the fair and deserving beneficiary of the evening, was made light spirited in the presence of a large concourse of willing respondents to her modest claims. All were fully paid for their attendance. Miss Henderson's prize drama of "Kathleen Mavourneen" is one of the most entertaining Irish productions of the time. No stage portraiture could excel in naturalness that of Miss Ettie's Kathleen. She proves, in this *role*, that she has won the encomiums of the press

Not by affected, meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts."

IN LEAVENWORTH, business is still in a gushing condition with the theatre people. Our correspondent says:—"A lack at our theatre is a leading lady, as there isn't one in the crowd who could do that 'biz' in even a mediocre three act melodrama. In the leading man way we are not much better off, though C. J. Fyffe has high aspirations thereto and is engaged to do it. All the rest are well enough. Mrs. Harry Linden has been on this (last) week, doing 'Evadne,' 'Colleen Bawn' and 'Hidden Hand.' 'Colleen Bawn' was produced with excellent scenic effect. The water cave, by Fred. Randall, a young artist, was superb. R. B. Richards made a very creditable Miles Na Coppaleen, and Jane Parker was immense as Sheila Mann. There are people who think that Elly O'Conner was perfection, but, in the light of coal oil lamps, I can't see it. The papers here can't say anything favorable, and, like Capt. Copp, they are mum."

IDA VERNON lately terminated a very lucrative engagement in Richmond, Va. Our correspondent, writing on Nov. 28th, speaking of this lady, says:—"Upon concluding her engagement, however, a little affair took place at the Ballard House, in this city, of which I have seen no mention in any of the theatrical papers. 'Tis of this I desire to write you. Miss Vernon, after concluding her engagement, was detained in this city several days on account of severe indisposition. Having sufficiently recovered to allow her to leave her room, she received from the hands of a gallant Virginia Colonel a note, signed by a number of her warm friends, tendering her a supper at such time and place as she might select. Miss Vernon, with her natural grace and sweetness, thanked the gentlemen for the honor, and named the Ballard House and Nov. 28d as the time and place. On the appointed evening the rain poured in torrents, but in one of the private parlors of that hotel all was mirth and gladness. There were about twenty persons present. A brass band was in attendance. Miss Vernon was escorted into the dining room by several gentlemen, and on this occasion was dressed with her usual exquisite taste. After going through the trying ordeal of a formal presentation, an hour or more was spent in pleasant conversation, after which the party repaired to the supper room. Opposite the seat to be occupied by Miss Vernon was a magnificent *bouquet* intended for 'Richmond's favorite.' After the removal of the cloth, the gallant Colonel proposed the health of Miss Vernon, prefacing the same with a few highly complimentary remarks, which were received with applause. In response, Miss Vernon made a very neat speech, thanking all present for the honor conferred upon her." Miss Vernon was in Wilmington, N. C., last week.

ON THE OCCASION of Ben Maginley's benefit at the National, Cincinnati, O., on Nov. 24th, R. E. J. Miles was announced to make his last appearance on any stage.

IN VICKSBURG, MISS., a dramatic company is performing under the management of Templeton & Bro. The company consists of Alice Vane, M'lle Aubrey, Isabel Vane, Lucie Taylor, Miss Martin, J. Templeton, F. D. Gooding, Orlando Brace, W. H. Taylor, J. Jamison, A. J. Menken, &c.

THE ST. CHARLES THEATRE, New Orleans, is to be sold at auction on the 23d inst. The lot on which the theatre stands is eighty feet front on St. Charles street, and one hundred and seventy feet in depth. The St. Charles, which has recently been repaired, will be sold with all its fixtures and appurtenances, subject to the present lease at a rent of $8000 per annum, which lease will expire on the 30th day of September, 1867.

MADAME CELESTE, who opened a series of performances at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Nov. 27th, has failed to attract paying audiences, or to awaken any of the enthusiasm which her acting evoked "a long time ago." Although still very clever in certain parts of her peculiar line of business, yet the fire of her early days is wanting, and the fascinations of youth "have faded and gone." During the past week she appeared in "Green Bushes," "St. Mary's Eve," and the "French Spy." This week she will introduce her latest sensation, "The Woman in Red." It is not likely that the Madame's engagement will be a lengthy one.

"THE ROMANCE OF THE POOR YOUNG MAN" was first presented to the habitues of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on November 27th, on which occasion Mrs. Conway took her benefit. Hundreds were unable to gain admittance, so great was the demand for seats. Since then the drama has been performed every night, drawing good houses. It is well placed upon the stage and with a good cast, the feature of the acting being Vincent's artistic representation of the old man La Roche. It is one of the best things of the kind we have seen presented at the Park. Miss Barrett, in her part, reminds us greatly of Miss Gannon. Conway has been obliged to do the juvenile part of the cast, owing to the absence of Duff.

MR. AND MRS. W. H. CRISP closed an engagement in Savannah on Nov. 24th, with a complimentary benefit. They were to open in Augusta, Geo., on Nov. 27th, with "Richard III."

THE NEWBERN, N. C. THEATRE, has passed from the hands of Mr. J. C. Rivers into those of Mr. J. H. Rogers, formerly his stage manager and leading man. The bill of the opening night consisted of "His Last Legs" and "Hunting a Turtle," Mr. Rogers appearing as O'Callaghan and Levison. He met with a flattering reception and a call at the end of the first piece. The company consists of Messrs. N. P. Lyons, Jas. Harrison, Flynn, Dudley, J. L. Jones, Watson, Heller, Slater, Miss Mary Meredith and Mrs. Hargett. Business is said to be excellent, and the season will continue four months, after which the company will visit Raleigh, Goldsborough, Hillsborough, Salisbury, Greensborough and Charlotte, Mr. Rogers having secured a lease of the theatres and halls in the above named towns.

JEAN HOSMER commences a three weeks' engagement at the Academy of Music, Albany, on the 11th inst., and goes thence to Baltimore and Philadelphia.

ARMSTRONG'S COMBINATION has been performing in Lockport, N. Y., to pretty good business. Our correspondent, "Menken," says:—'The Hidden Hand,' 'Octoroon,' 'Colleen Bawn,' 'Rough Diamond' and 'Jack Sheppard' have been the pieces produced this week. Tom Donnelly's best character was Blueskin, and I think Maud St. Leon appeared to the best advantage in Jack Sheppard. The company opened in Albion on the 1st for seven nights. I understand that they will return here in about three weeks. They have secured Wm. Domer, of this village, as business manager."

"AJAX," our Detroit correspondent, writing on Nov. 30th, says: "Your little craft sails into our goodly harbor regularly every Thursday, with its cargo of good things. The theatrical goose still maintains an elevated position, and the prospect is that from now till the holidays it will be 'more so.' Miss Heron's engagement at the Athenæum has been very successful. On the 27th was produced 'Mathilde,' with Mr. Healy as Durivage, Mr. Miller as De Landry, Middleton as Lugarto, and Johnson as Francois, all of whom made a most favorable impression. Mrs. Miller, as Ursula, showed to good advantage, while Lillie Marden sung the music of Marie with exquisite taste. On the 29th 'Gamea, or the Woman in Red,' was enacted to a crowded house, and made the 'hit' of Mrs. H.'s engagement. On Dec. 4th Mr. Wilkinson will bring his 'stock' into the traces, producing 'Moll Pitcher,' appearing himself, for the first time in two weeks, as Jotham Hook, Sr. Mr. W. is particularly happy in the production of pieces of this stamp......Manager Buckland and lady, from Montreal, passed through the city yesterday, *en route* for Chicago, on a pleasure trip. Mr. B. has been quite ill for some time, but is recovering."

MESSRS. ELLSLER AND KENT, having entered into a copartnership, the company recently at the Opera House, Columbus, proceeded under the new management to Meadville, the gate city of the oil regions, where they opened on Nov. 20th. Our correspondent, writing from Meadville on Nov. 30th, says:—"Business so far has been excellent, and the company has gained the name of being far superior to any that has ever visited this section of the country. The company opened at Museum Hall in 'All that Glitters is not Gold,' with Mr. Meldrum as Stephen Plum, and Josephine Tyson as Martha Gibbs. On the 21st Miss Lotta made her first bow to a Meadville audience in 'Jenny Lind,' 'Irish Assurance' and 'Nan the good for Nix,' in which latter piece she so completely stormed the affections of the theatre going Meadvillians that she reproduced the piece by particular request on Nov. 22d. On Nov. 29th the 'Seven Sisters' was put upon the stage, with Rees Davies as Mrs. Pluto, and Lotta as Tartarine. Davies as Mrs. Pluto was *immense*, if not more so, especially in her grand *pas seul*. Lotta, in her character of the Yankee Gal, completely brought down the house, although the house had very little room to *come down* in, for it was crammed. This is the second week of her engagement, and she has drawn full houses every night, which, no doubt, is very gratifying to the manager. The 'Seven Sisters' will, no doubt, hold the boards the balance of the week, in which case the treasurer will have his hands full of stamps. Couldock opens next (this) week at this place, and when his engagement closes here the new Opera House in Titusville will be opened by this company."

MISS FANNY B. PRICE concluded a brilliant engagement at Petersburg, Va., on Dec. 2d.

THE CONTINENTAL THEATRE, Boston, Mass., will be opened on or about Christmas day by Manager Lon Morris, who issues a proclamation in the advertising columns of this week's CLIPPER to ladies and gentlemen engaged.

NEAFIE, who was announced to appear at Henderson's Pittsburgh, Pa., Theatre, on Nov. 27th, failed to put in an appearance, and the stock company played during the week. Signora Jovetta and G. W. Smith were announced to appear there on Dec. 4th.

A CHAMBERMAID and leading lady are advertised for in this issue by Manager Brigham Bishop.

MISS FANNY B. PRICE commenced an engagement at Glenn's Theatre, Norfolk, Va., on Dec. 4th.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Salt Lake City, the first Gentile institution for public entertainment, was opened on Nov. 14th, with great success, with John S. Potter's dramatic troupe. The new theatre was not thoroughly completed, but will be very soon. It is now 100 feet deep and 48 feet wide, but Manager Potter says he shall have it the full size of the lot, 100 by 80, as early as material is in readiness. The parquet and dress circle are admirably arranged for seeing all the stage performances from any section or corner of the house. There are two private boxes on each side of the stage. With the additions under way, the temperature of the hall can be made very comfortable, and its acoustics far ahead of the other theatre. After an overture by the Camp Brass Band, Manager J. S. Potter appeared *in propria persona* on the stage, was saluted with volleys of approbation, and read an opening address. Next came Cardinal Richelieu, (T. A. Lynne,) and the others in the cast, Messrs. Leslie, Hardie, Shields, Mortimer, Townsend, Taylor, Graham, Potter, Mrs. Leslie, Swords, Rhodes, Misses Bowring and Smith. Belle Douglas and Miss Miller. This play, it is said, was presented in superior style, and passed off with significant success. Everybody in the cast seemed to act unusually well. The farce entitled "Perfection" was also played. At the close Mr. Potter was called before the curtain, and became the target for tremendous shouts of general satisfaction.

THE NEW ORLEANS places of amusement have been making good returns of late. Our correspondent, "Laertes," under date of Nov. 24th, says:—"E. Eddy has continued to draw crowded houses at the St. Charles, for the last two weeks, during which time he has appeared in some of his best characters, such as Othello, Jean Remy, Rag Picker of Paris, Virginius, William Tell, and to-night he plays Richard the Third for his benefit, and to-morrow night he makes his last appearance as Chas. de Moor in the 'Robbers.' He has been ably supported throughout by Messrs. Pope, Davenport and Miss Henrietta Irving. Maria Zoe, the Cuban sylph, who is to be the next attraction, is expected to be here in time to open on the 27th inst......'Arrah na Pogue' is now in its thirteenth night at the Varieties, where its success continues unabated. The Fenian Brotherhood and other individuals of the Irish persuasion are crowding the place every night to its utmost capacity. The 'Ticket of Leave Man' is in preparation, also a new comedy from the pen of Lester Wallack. ......Manager Bidwell, of the Academy of Music, having packed off his Variety Company to Mobile on the 19th, Thayer and Noyes' Circus commenced a series of performances there on the 20th, which, so far, have been very largely attended......The military order prohibiting theatrical performances on Sundays having been rescinded, the theatres are now kept open every Sunday evening."

JOHN BROUGHAM is drawing the largest and most fashionable audiences ever seen in the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia. Night after night the theatre is crowded in every part, and sometimes standing room even cannot be had after the curtain is up. "Playing with Fire" gave place to the playing of "Flies in the Web," on Nov. 29th, in which Mr. Brougham achieved another success. Mr. Brougham has earned such a great reputation for speech-making that he is compelled to appear every evening and "speak a piece" off hand; he had to do this one evening between the acts of "Playing with Fire," on which occasion he made some remarks as Dr. Savage instead of Mr. Brougham. His engagement in Philadelphia, thus far, has proved to be a most brilliant success, artistically as well as pecuniarily, and we are glad to record the fact, for John is a "gentleman and a scholar," and "he will make money wherever he goes."

ACTORS' ART UNION.—On Tuesday afternoon, Nov 28th, the theatrical profession of Philadelphia held their second meeting, and formed themselves into an "Actors' Art Union." The Union is for the purpose of establishing a library and reading room, so that the members thereof may be brought into closer social intercourse with each other, and to further elevate the drama and all that pertains to their calling. The meeting, which was largely attended, selected the following gentlemen as officers:—President, F. Mackay; Vice President, Alexander Fisher; Treasurer, Owen Marlowe; Secretary, Augustus S. Pennoyer; Librarian, Chas. S. Porter. Manager Sinn, of the Chestnut-street Theatre, has kindly tendered the Union the use of his theatre for a benefit. This union of actors is for a very praiseworthy purpose, and not intended, as many have supposed, to oppose the managers; in fact, the latter have been invited to join the "Union." In addition to the officials named above, the following gentlemen are members:—G. H. Griffiths, J. T. Ward, G. Johnson, S. K. Chester, C. M. Lewis, Harry Bascomb, Owen Fawcett, Stewart Robson, Walter Lennox, McKee Rankin, P. A. Anderson, T. Weir, James Taylor, J. Goldson, Frank Merdaunt, J. McBanon, G. H. Clarke, R. Smitters, J. V. Dailey, C. V. Hess, J. Bradford, E. S. Marble, F. Stule, T. C. Greene, W. H. Gross, John Reed, C. C. Long, W. Maurice and Chas. S. Porter.

USEFUL ACTORS are the individuals who are wanted by manager T. E. Mills, of the Milwaukee, Wis., Theatre. See advertisement.

YANKEE LOCKE was at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, last week.

BLANCHE DEBAR is at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., following the Florences, who closed there on the 2d inst.

THE ZANFRETTA COMBINATION had possession of the Athenæum, Columbus, Ohio, last week.

C. BARTON HILL was to commence an engagement at Dayton, Ohio, on the 4th inst.

MOLLIE WILLIAMS and Felix A. Vincent closed a good engagement on the 2d inst., at Becktel Hall, Dayton, Ohio.

EMELIE MELVILLE was underlined to commence at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, on the 4th inst.

GRAU'S OPERA TROUPE, owing to some little difficulty, will not perform at Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis, but have been engaged to give a short season of Italian Opera at DeBar's Opera House, to commence there on the 4th inst.

CHARLES DILLON, the very clever English actor, can be engaged for six or twelve nights to appear at first-class theatres, through his agent, Samuel Colville, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere.

AT MCVICKER'S THEATRE, Chicago, our correspondent says: "there has been but a meagre attendance since Miss Charlotte Thompson made her appearance. She has appeared in Pauline in the 'Lady of Lyons,' Julia in the 'Hunchback,' and Parthenia in 'Ingomar,' and so far (28th Nov.) has met with a very poor reception. Her greatest effort was Parthenia, which she rendered with her usual grace, but her speech is very indistinct, and can hardly be heard at the back of the auditorium, which is the only thing her audience complains of. Mr. Levick's Ingomar is the finest rendition which we have heard since his advent here. Miss Thompson's engagement closes with this week, and the Florences succeed her on Dec. 4th......At the Museum, 'Belphegor' was produced on Monday night (27th ult.) to a crowded house. It will undoubtedly remain on the boards every night during this and the coming week. Frank Aiken, as Belphegor, is in the last two acts excellent, but fails, I think, in the opening scene to conceive the character as the author intended, and in his scene with Lavarennes (Mr. Walters) especially renders him a weak and silly mountebank, when the two last acts display him to be more of a man, possessing a highly honorable and sensitive nature. May Howard's Nina is the best we have seen her do for many a day; she is a lady of great histrionic powers, and is rapidly rising in her profession. Mr. Dillon is good (leaving out his vulgarity) as he ever is. Mr. Walters, as Lavarennes, was not good, as he is not suited for heavy business, and Mr. Holland should have been cast for it. All the rest have done well, and the piece passes off with easiness. One good feature in this theatre is, that there are no long waits between acts and for people, which Mr. McVicker should try and remedy at the Madison street house...... Impressario Grau shuts up shop this (last) week, and goes to St. Louis."

"THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN" was produced at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, C. W., on Nov. 20th, with J. C. Myers as Hawkshaw, and Flora Myers as Sam Willoughby. On the 1st inst. Manager Myers was announced to take a benefit, when the public was "respectfully invited to attend."

MARRIED.—Gerald Fitzgerald and Lotty Clifford, members of De Berger's dramatic company, at Franklin, Pa., were married at the New York Hotel in that place on Nov. 28th.

D. MYRON was announced for a benefit on the 4th inst., at the Metropolitan, Buffalo. "The Fenian Chief" and "Rookwood" were the pieces to be performed.

THE OIL REGION is looming up in the dramatic world. Meadville, Corrie, Oil City and Pithole have had theatres in successful operation for some time, and now Franklin wheels into line, there being an Opera House in successful operation under the management of Leon De Berger, with E. V. Gregory as stage manager. Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dalton are doing the leading business, Gregory the eccentric old men, and Gerald Fitzgerald low comedy. W. J. Thompson was the star last week, with his performing dogs. Miss Lotta is the star this week. A correspondent says, "the manager is in want of an old woman if we have one in our eye," but as we do not keep the beautiful creatures *there*, probably some of our readers may know of some one *who does*.

THE VICTORIA (V. I.) THEATRE is said to be doing a good business. On Oct. 27th "The Soldier's Daughter" and "The Ladies' Battle" were performed, with Fanny Morgan Phelps as Widow Cheerly, Mr. Phelps as Frank Heartall, Little George Marsh as Timothy, and Mr. Marsh as Governor Heartall.

SENORITA MARIA, the Spanish *danseuse*, was the recipient of a farewell benefit on Nov. 7th, at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco. G. C. Boniface appeared as Claude Melnotte in the "Lady of Lyons," and Mrs. Harry Jackson as Pauline. The *beneficiaire* appeared as Lizette in the "Swiss Cottage." Maria is announced to sail from California by the steamer of the 10th inst. for this city, accompanied by her parents.

SOPHIE EDWIN is slowly recovering from her recent severe illness, and is expected to be able soon to resume her professional labors at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco.

SAM GLENN has obtained a lease of the New Richmond Theatre from R. D. Ogden, who is about retiring from the profession for the present. See Mr. Ogden's card.

T. G. RIGGS, now engaged with Kames' Dramatic Combination in the Eastern States, was recently united in marriage to Miss Lizzie Cade, of Augusta, Me. Mrs. Riggs is performing with the company, and appeared last week as Emily St. Evremond in the "Ticket-of-Leave Man." They were at Northampton, Mass., Nov. 30 and Dec. 1, and were to open in Chicopee on the 2d for four nights.

G. C. DAVENPORT, Jennie Wade, and the "comedy company from the New York Theatres," performed in Schenectady, N. Y., on the 1st and 2d inst.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY WATKINS commenced an engagement at the Savannah, Ga., Theatre, on Nov. 27th, in "Kathleen Mavourneen." A correspondent, under date of Nov. 29th, says:—In 'Kathleen Mavourneen' they met with decided success. Mrs. Watkins' singing is greatly admired, and, as a comedian, Mr. Watkins is excellent. The leading lady, Miss M. E. Gordon, continues to win fresh laurels by her clever acting. Mr. F. L. Wise is fast becoming a favorite. He is a painstaking artist. If a few of the other members of the *corps* would follow his example, it would be much to their credit. Mr. M. M. Loud is again acting, having recovered from his late accident. The walking lady, Miss Isadore Cameron, made her first appearance since her illness on Nov. 27th."

THE TROJANS have been turning out *en masse* lately to witness the sensation drama of "Arrah Na Pogue" at the Griswold Opera House, but, says our correspondent "Mose," it will be withdrawn on the 2d inst. He adds: "The spectacular drama of 'Peep o' Day' will shortly follow. 'Arrah Na Pogue' has proved a most profitable piece to the management, as the Opera House has been crowded to repletion nightly since its production. It is estimated that thirty thousand people have witnessed it since it has been played here. The great success that this piece has met with here is partly attributable to the splendid manner in which it has been performed by the stock company, and for the magnificent scenery displayed by our artist, Mr. J. R. Wilkins. E. P. Stetson's Shaun the Post, James Dickson's Michael Feeney, and Annie Waite's Arrah Meelish were really artistic personations. In fact, nearly all the characters were well sustained, each striving to outdo each other. Dec. 5th is set apart for the benefit of the popular stage manager, Mr. L. H. Everett. Mr. G. C. Davenport (an old Troy favorite) and his wife (Kate Newton) will put in an appearance. Miss Annie Dillingham takes her farewell benefit on Dec. 8th."

ARMSTRONG'S COMPANY opened in Bordwell's Hall, Albion, N. Y., Nov. 30th, to a large audience. They remained there three nights and were to leave on the 3d inst., and open in Canandaigua on the 4th.

"ARRAH NA POGUE," after a very successful run at the Metropolitan, San Francisco, was announced to be withdrawn Nov. 11th, it having reached its forty-ninth representation. On the evening of Nov. 3d, during the last act, some scoundrel in the gallery cried out that the theatre was on fire. The cry was taken up by others in all parts of the house, and the immense audience was seized with a panic. A scene of indescribable confusion ensued; a rush was made for the doors and the stage, and in a very short space of time the theatre was cleared. On Nov. 8th a slight change was made in the cast, Sallie Hinckley personating the character of Fanny Power, at three hours' notice, in place of Belle Devine. That evening an enthusiastic Fenian in the audience got worked up to such a pitch of admiration over Wheatleigh's personation of Shaun, that he threw a valuable "Blackthorn" on the stage, with the ferved exclamation: "Sur, for yer thrue persination of Shon the Post, God bless yees! accept this as a token of me respect."

"Savannah" is the name of the new piece Manager Wheatleigh has in preparation to follow "Arrah na Pogue" at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco.

MISS ALICE KINGSBURY commenced an engagement at the opera house, Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 27th, in Little Barefoot in the drama

of that name. Our correspondent, "Percy," says:—"Business has been very good throughout the week, although we think that the legitimate would increase the nightly receipts. Miss Kingsbury is a charming little actress, and her personations are very lifelike. On the 1st inst. she took a benefit, appearing as Fanchon the Cricket. By many her Fanchon is pronounced one of the best on the stage. She has been well supported by Messrs. Mortimer, Mathews, Daly, Mrs. Ayling and Miss Marie Boniface. The 'Fenians of 1600' is underlined for next (this) week."

MR. AND MRS. HARRY JACKSON (formerly Miss Annie Lockhart), from the Australian theatres, arrived in San Francisco on Oct. 31st. Mrs. Jackson made her *debut* at Maguire's Opera House, on Nov. 6th, as Beatrice, in "Much Ado About Nothing." An exchange says:—"Mrs. Jackson had not been announced as 'the magnificent' or 'the charming and versatile,' for a week before her appearance; the honor of mammoth letters was not accorded her; the consequence was that a miserably small number witnessed her first appearance. Mrs. Jackson will wear in public favor far better than many a shooting star which has dazzled for the moment and then sunk into the obscurity of public disregard. She, by her enacting of the character of Beatrice, last night, proved that she is an actress of high ability; her reading was absolutely perfect; the only fault that could be found was a lack of animation; but Mrs. Jackson evidently well understands her business, and her Beatrice was—taken as a whole—an admirable piece of acting." George Boniface's Benedict is spoken of as being acted like a Bowery villain. On Nov. 7th, Mrs. Jackson appeared as Pauline in the "Lady of Lyons," and on the 9th as Lady Audley in "Lady Audley's Secret." On the 10th she played Mlle. Doris Quinault to Bandman's Narcisse. Mr. Jackson was underlined for an early appearance in the drama of "The Creole," in which he assumes six different characters, a smart groom, a drunken cobbler, an itinerant old woman ballad singer, an Irish drummer boy, a French cantatrice three and a half feet high, and an escaped lunatic—giving likewise imitations of Charles Kean, Coppin, John Gregg, and other artists.

EMILY THORNE made her *debut* in San Francisco, on Nov. 6th, at the Academy of Music, as Hester Grazebrook, in "Unequal Match," to a very crowded house. She also played Minnie, in "Somebody Else." She is said to have made a decidedly favorable impression on the audience. The *Call* says of her:—"Miss Thorne's personal appearance partakes of the buxom and jovial; her style is refreshingly natural and pleasing, without being forcible to any marked degree; her voice is musical, her laugh hearty and sympathetic, and the songs she sung were given with charming sweetness and feeling, and invariably elicited a rousing encore." George Pardey made his first appearance in San Francisco on this occasion; played Blinkensop, and as a low comedian he is highly spoken of. Harry Wall also appeared as Harry Arncliffe, and was favorably received. Dan Setchell played Dr. Betcherby in the farce. "Unequal Match" was repeated the two following evenings, on the conclusion of which Miss Thorne appeared in the costume of the Goddess of Liberty, and sang a patriotic song. On Nov. 10th, "The Widow's Stratagem" was given, with Miss Thorne as Francine. A new petite comedy called "California Diamonds," was in active rehearsal.

DAN SETCHELL appeared "by request," as Captain Cuttle, at the Academy of Music, San Francisco, on Nov 1st and 2d. C. R. Thorne and D. C. Anderson, from the Opera House, appeared in the cast. The Academy is under the direction of Mr. Setchell.

BANDMANN does not wear well with the San Francisco public. On Nov. 3d he appeared as Iago to G. C. Boniface's Othello, having played Othello two nights previous to C. R. Thorne's Iago. An exchange says:—"Both these impersonations invite comparison; Boniface, in assuming that of Othello, challenges comparison with Bandmann, while the Anglo-German tragedian, in performing Iago, must submit to have his impersonation of the part compared with that of the actor who immediately preceded him in its representation. Boniface's Othello compares favorably with that of Bandmann in some particulars, and falls far beneath it in merit in others; yet, as a whole, taking every circumstance into consideration, it must be admitted that George C. Boniface's Othello was not so bad a piece of acting as Bandmann's, and the Othello of the piece was certainly superior to the Iago. While Bandmann, from the moment he set foot upon the stage, ranted and bellowed when he played 'Othello,' Boniface reserved his power for the passages where a display of it was called for, and in the first act read his part very tamely." On Nov. 10th, "Narcisse" was performed.

G. C. BONIFACE has been pretty roughly handled by the critics of San Francisco, and notwithstanding he has been called a third class Bowery actor he continues to appear at Maguire's Opera House to good houses. On Nov. 2d he appeared in the drama of "Halvei" and in "Robert Macaire."

BALTIMORE did well last week in the theatrical way, supporting, as it did, two theatres and two music halls. Our correspondent, "Rex," under date of Dec. 2d, says:—"Seldom in the annals of 'histrionics' have the patrons of 'Melpomene and Thalia' enjoyed such a welcome treat as during the past week. John E. Owens' welcome home was *une grande affaire*, the bill was 'Dot' and 'The Happiest Day of my Life.' The pieces were effectively cast and went very smoothly, Mr. Owens amply fulfilling the expectations of the crush that greeted him. Harry Pearson as Jno. Perrybingle, Mrs. C. B. Bishop as Dot, and Miss E. Anderson as Bertha, deserve special mention. On the occasion of his benefit, Friday, the 1st, 'Paul Pry' and 'The Live Indian' drew an immense throng, who throughout the entire performance greeted Mr. Owens with bursts of applause and *encores*...... Maggie Mitchell, at the Holliday, has been doing well with 'Fanchon.' She has greatly improved since I last saw her. McCollom as Landry was excellent; and he has become one of the greatest favorites Baltimore has seen for many years. Emerson as Didier exceeded the expectations of all, and won deserved praise. Mrs. Wilkins as Mother Fadet was fair. E. B. Bishop as Father Barbeaud was good. 'Little Barefoot' is up next (this) week at the Holliday. On Thanksgiving day an afternoon performance will be given. 'Forty Thieves' is in active preparation...... John Owens remains at the Front another week, appearing on the 4th as 'Solon Shingle.'"

EDWIN ADAMS has been playing a round of his most popular characters at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati. He opened on Nov. 27th in "Hamlet" to a good house, followed the next night by "Wild Oats," and on Nov. 30th, "Richard the Third." His brief engagement terminated on the 2d inst. with the "Robbers" and the "Lady of Lyons."

JAMES A. OATES, the leading man of Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, was announced to make his last appearance there on the 2d inst.

LEONARD GROVER was to inaugurate a season of German Opera on the 4th inst., at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati with the following artists: Mad. Bertha Johanssen, Mad. Johanna Rotter, M'lle Sophie Dzinba, Rosa Cook, M'lle Frida De Gebele, Giuseppe Tamaro, Theo. Hableman, Marco Dusenitz, Anton, Steinecke, Joseph Hermanns, Joseph Weinlich, Edward Haimer and Adolph Urchs. Mr. James Wehli, the renowned pianist, has also been secured. The chorus, which is said to be a powerful one, consists of the Misses Barbara Weingarten, Anna Berenstein, Wilhelmina Bardt, Emilie Ducrow, Margaretta Beyer, Katherine Heerwagen, Helena Miller, Christine Helmmuller, Gertrude Schwerin, Eliza Lehman, Christine Berge, Gertrude Dornbach and Marie Marchand. Messrs. Philip Schlosser, Emil Zott, Ernest Reidel, Charles Viereck, Charles Weissgerber, Ed. Halmer, Joseph Van Schlark, Louis Schirdt, Wilhelm Schule and Ch. Diffenbach. "Faust" was to be the initial performance, followed by "Der Freischutz" on the 5th.

J. J. WALLACE, who played Michael Feeny at the Boston Theatre, has been engaged for the Boston Museum.

"ARRAH NA POGUE" was withdrawn from the stage of the Boston Theatre on the 2d inst. to give place to the spectacle of the "Ice Witch," which was to be brought out on the 4th inst. The Fowler Sisters, who appeared in the same piece at Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, have been engaged by Manager Jarrett during its run in Boston. The Gomersals and Frank Mayo have also been engaged.

"THE SERF" has been drawing such large audiences to the Boston Museum the past two weeks, that the Manager has concluded to announce it for representation all this week. Another new play by Tom Taylor is said to be in active preparation.

A D. FITCH, at present connected with the Newark, N. J. Theatre as business agent, is desirous of an engagement to travel in a like position with a star. For address, see "Agent's" advertisement in another column.

THE HOLMAN TROUPE continue in Utica, N. Y.

BARNEY WILLIAMS and his *cara sposa* are at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, commencing on the 4th, in "Ireland as it was," and "In and out of Place."

KATE REIGNOLDS closed in Buffalo on the 2d inst. For her farewell benefit on the 1st inst., she played Piccolino to a large audience.

MADAME SCHELLER closed her engagement in Dayton, Ohio, before a crowded house, as Amelia in "The Robbers." The complimentary benefit tendered to her on Thursday, Nov. 30th was a grand ovation. The hall was crowded in every part. The entertainment consisted of Geo. W. Birdseye's beautiful domestic drama of "Mathilde," "The Bonnie Fishwife," with Alice Kingsbury, who volunteered for the occasion, and of the farce "Jones' Baby," in which Mr. Edmund Coles, the comedian, appeared. Mad. S. is now at the National, Cincinnati, and will appear in a new sensational drama entitled "The Secret of the Chapel."

JAMES E. MURDOCH will be the next star at the Arch, Philadelphia, opening on the 11th as Rover, in "Wild Oats."

A THEATRICAL WARDROBE and various other costumes are advertised for sale in this issue of the CLIPPER by Madame Vache.

MRS. L. M. BERRELL, a competent first old woman, can be engaged through her agent, W. W. Shore. See her advertisement in this issue.

M'LLE AUGUSTA, danseuse, is one of the attractions of the American, Philadelphia, opening there on the 4th inst. Paul Berger, vocalist and comedian, is also added this week.

A HEAVY MAN, one well known in the profession, is wanted. See Davis & Co's advertisement.

MARIETTA RAVEL was announced to open in Milwaukee, Wis., on the 4th inst.

MADAME SCHELLER will appear as "Cinderella," at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on Dec. 25th.

EDWIN FORREST, it is said, will positively appear at the opening of the New Opera House, Dayton, Ohio, on Jan. 1st. Late trains are being arranged for the grand event, and people will flock to Dayton from all parts of the country around about.

IN MONTGOMERY, Ala., the drama does not seem to flourish "like a green bay tree." A circus company lately performed there to very crowded audiences, while the theatre presented a beggarly account of empty benches. The editor of the *Ledger* of that city, has therefore got up his dander, and in an editorial thus unbosoms himself both right and left:—"A week or so since, a miserable kick show, called a circus, stopped here, and did what they called a *performance* for near a week, and we learn that their canvas was crowded both day and night. A more vulgar, meaner show than a circus never disgraced the social pleasures of a people, and we are sorry to say it, but in reality, think our people (*but most of the audience were negroes*) displayed a lower taste than we thought our citizens possessed. The reverse picture is, that there is one of the most elegant theatres in the South, and conducted by managers who remain permanently among us, who make every effort to please the public, and have more than expended their incomes in producing new pieces for their entertainment, and yet our citizens live under the reproach of not supporting it with proper generosity, but give the preference to a miserable show only fit for negroes. One such audience as the circus had every night, is more than the Theatre has had altogether the whole season. Has the fall of the Confederacy degraded their tastes as well as ruined their fortunes? We shall be pleased to record something better for the future. If our people have a little spare change, let them expend it in a more elevated manner than going to a low, dirty, small pox assemblage of negroes and Yankee buffoons." This is pretty plain talk and is rather "hefty" on the circus boys, but as long as they do a big business we think they can stand all such shots as this, considering the source from whence it comes, and the feeling which actuated it. The theatre is under the management of F. M. Bates, and in the company are Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bates, Martha Wren, Little Alice Wren, Oliver and Fred Wren, Harry Steinmetz, John Quinan, Messrs. Ashton, Senter, Morgan, and Phillips, Jenny Kemble, and Mrs. Warren. On Nov. 25th, "The Ruins of Baby Castle" and the London farce of "Area Belle" were performed.

Circuses.

GYMNASTS, acrobats, and other circus people in various specialities, are advertised for in this week's CLIPPER by Sam Stickney, Jr., for the "Western Mammoth Menagerie and Great National Circus."

DEAD.—Van Amburgh, whose name is familiar as household words in the old country as well as in this, died in Philadelphia, on Nov. 29th, at Sam Miller's Hotel.

Mr. Van Amburgh, whose portrait and biography we published in the CLIPPER of June 10th, 1865 was born in Fishkill, N. Y., and at an early age he became connected with a menagerie. His first appearance in New York in those performances which have rendered him so celebrated occurred at the Richmond Hill Theatre, in the fall of 1833. The same season he appeared, after the holidays, at the Bowery Theatre, then under the management of T. S. Hamblin, in a melo-drama, written for him by Miss Medina, entitled "The Lion Lord; or, The Forest Monarch." In this piece he rode a horse up a set of Mazeppa runs, and when near the flies a Royal Bengal Tiger would spring upon him, when the actor and the tiger would struggle down to the footlights together, apparently engaged in desperate combat, an incident which was invariably received with tumultous enthusiasm. The Zoological Institute, at 37 Bowery, opened in November, 1834, with a collection of animals, and Van Amburgh as the principal attraction. Mr. Van Amburgh performed at this establishment every winter until 1838, introducing each season, at intervals, as a sensation, a child and a lamb in the dens. He played a farewell engagement at the Old National Theatre, and at the principal theatres on the Continent. While in Europe several dramas were written for Mr. Van Amburgh, and successfully produced. He also traveled through the provincial towns, making several tours of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales with his traveling menagerie, and the prestige of his name drew an overwhelming throng of people wherever he went. The name of Van Amburgh is as well known in every little hamlet in Great Britain as it is in the United States. He was the first one to introduce the American style of tenting in Europe, and the celerity with which his establishment moved through the country was as great a source of wonder to John Bull as any feature of the exhibition. Mr. Van Amburgh returned to the United States in 1845, where he has since remained, except during several brief visits to Europe. He has not performed for several years, but accompanied his menagerie in its annual tours through the country. He was a whole-souled, genial old gentleman, and had hosts of friends in every part of the Union, and both himself and his menagerie always received a hearty welcome wherever they appeared. Van Amburgh, in the course of his career, had many severe contests with the animals, in some of which he was much bitten and torn, but he always came off the victor. On one occasion his right wrist was literally chewed and mangled by a lion. He never fully recovered from the effects of this injury. There are many good stories of Van Amburgh's contests with the animals, but they are mostly destitute of foundation, or nearly so. The encounters were in some instances desperate, but they were much alike; they consisted of sudden attacks, which Van Amburgh was usually able to punish at once, though sometimes as has been explained, the beasts left their marks upon him. The tendency of the various encounters was, of course, such as to injure Van Amburgh's health. Eight or nine years ago Van Amburgh was obliged to cease his performances, but he always accompanied the menagerie in its travels when he was able to do so. Some time ago he resigned the active management of the concern, and it has since been under the direction of Mr. Hyatt Frost. The business of the concern will probably be carried on by the surviving partners under the name it has hitherto borne. Mr. Van Amburgh possessed great physical strength and fearless courage. He had a commanding presence; his movements were graceful; he was firm, and under all circumstances self possessed. In his intercourse with his acquaintances—he was never married—he was exceedingly kind, and even gentle; and his geniality was one of the most prominent of his qualities. The death of Mr. Van Amburgh has several times been announced during the past few years. These stories were like those of his adventures. His decease at this time was unexpected, as he was in this city about two weeks ago, and at that time enjoyed as good health as usual. A day or two ago the Philadelphia journals reported that he was perfectly well. The remains were taken to Fishkill for interment.

THE ATTENTION OF GYMNASTS is hereby called to George W. King's advertisement in another column, by which it will be seen that he wants a partner.

BEN MAGINLEY left Cincinnati on Nov. 27th for Texas, to join De Haven's Circus. Ben's wife, formerly Mary Carroll, also her father Barney, have been with the company for some time. Mary is said to be riding an excellent principal act, and Barney is also said to be as good as ever.

MORE TROUBLE.—The steamship Catherine Whiting, with Nixon's Circus Company on board, sailed from Key West Nov. 11th, but was not out over eighteen hours when a storm came up which injured the rudder and unshipped the boiler, knocking it about, and making holes in it, so that it was impossible to get up steam. After being at the mercy of the wind and storm for five days, a U. S steamer came up and towed her to Pensacola. During the storm the company lost one half of the top of the canvas. James M. Nixon left Key West by a tug boat and arrived in New Orleans Nov. 20th, where he at last accounts expected to get a number of ring horses from Dr. Spaulding. The company expected to leave Pensacola for New Orleans direct. Wm Kennedy arrived home here two weeks ago with the scurvy.

JOHN WILSON'S Circus, which left San Francisco on board the schooner Alice, on October 2d, for Australia, via Honolulu, was spoken on Oct 13th, in latitude 22 N. and 136 W. All well.

THE VICTORIOUS NORTH, Levi J. we mean, and his sons Henri and young Levi, regular chips of the old block, can be engaged to cut capers on their trained horses and ponies, on and after New Year's day. See advertisement.

A CIRCUS SEASON will be commenced at the New American Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 11th inst. This will make three circus establishments in operation in that city.

THE NATIONAL CIRCUS and Menagerie opened to the Philadelphia public on the 27th ult. at the corner of Tenth and Callowhill streets, to a crowded house, and the attendance has been large ever since. The performances are in regular circus style, with horses, and acrobats, and tumblers, and clowns, together with a very fair collection of animals in the menagerie department.

Negro Minstrelsy.

KELLY & LEVER'S TROUPE are doing well in Chicago, Ill. Our correspondent there says they give a very good entertainment.

A NEW MINSTREL PARTY, consisting of Lew Rattler, Joe Taylor, C.E. Collins, Clinton, Johnny O'Neil, Hamilton and Williams, left San Francisco, Cal., early in November, for a skirmishing tour through the mountain towns.

SAM SHARPLEY'S IRON CLADS are plodding along through the west, meeting with a hearty reception wherever they put in an appearance. Frank Moran has one of the ends, and Hughey Dougherty the other, and they are said to be provocative of much laughter. This week the company will visit Terre Haute, Lafayette and Logansport, Ind., and on Dec. 23d commence a six nights stay at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, Ohio, where they lately did such a big business. Sam Sanford, the business manager, having recovered from his late sickness, is with the show again.

"JOCKO, OR THE BAZILIAN APE," is to be produced at Hooley's, in Brooklyn, this week, with Tony Denier in the leading *role*. This being one of Tony's best characters, considerable fun is anticipated. The benefit for the widow and orphan fund of the fire department is announced to take place on the 5th inst. Business continues first rate with Manager Hooley, we are informed.

LEW BRIMMER, GAYNOR, WHITING AND CLARK'S MINSTRELS were advertised to give a one night show at Binghampton, N. Y., on the 5th inst.

BROOKER AND CLAYTON'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS (no bogus blacks) gave their introductory performance at Rand's Hall, Troy, on the 1st inst. Our correspondent "Mose" says:—"The programme was brimful of fun, and the delineations of the genuine nigger were handsomely portrayed. They are on the whole a first class troupe, and seemed to give general satisfaction."

THE BUCKLEYS have produced "Cinderella" at their Opera House in Boston, in good style, and it is said to be attracting large audiences.

J. H. TAYLOR, banjoist, late with Byron Christy's Minstrels, joined Duprez and Benedict's party at Albany last week.

BROOKER AND CLAYTON'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS are coming, and are to give the Albanians a taste of their talent in "exponenting" the modes, methods and manners of plantation life among that portion of mankind that has been stricken with a total eclipse. The Trojans liked them much if not more, as will be seen by a notice in advertisement in another column.

FRANK BROWER, the well-known and popular Ethiopian comedian, having just concluded an engagement in Boston, is at liberty to engage with first-class minstrel managers for brief engagements. Address him, as per advertisement, at Brower Castle, Philadelphia.

CHARLEY HARRISON'S MINSTRELS "are around" on their second annual tour. Further notification of the same will be found in another column.

NED TURNER, end man and general performer, is in the city and desirous of a situation with a minstrel company. Letters addressed to this office will reach him.

REMINGTON AND MILLER'S MINSTRELS are holding forth at Wood's Hall, West Rockford, Illinois. In the company are [illegible] Remington, Jerry Leary, F. Ransom, Early Miller and Miss Susie Starr.

JIG AND CLOG DANCING are both pleasing performances to look at when well done. If you want to know how to do the fantastic in this way, go and see Clifford, who advertises in this issue.

THE NEW YORK MINSTRELS are still giving their pleasing performances in the Eastern States, and, report sayeth, have good cause to observe the National Thanksgiving Day.

GREEN'S MOCKING BIRD MINSTRELS expect to give their first show in the vicinity of New York on the 8th or 9th inst., and then start for the far West and Canadas. Mr. Hillsburgh, formerly Manager of Hi. Rumsey's Minstrels, is one of the Managers. The company is composed of Jules Stratton, C. Melville, Myers, Emmet, Mike Kanane, Louis Maire, Lewis, wench dancer, C. B. Reynolds and Johnny Campbell. The last two are the end men.

JOHNNY BOOKER'S MINSTRELS were at Toledo, Ohio, on Nov. 30th and Dec. 1st. Ned Stanley, one of the end men, leaves the party in Chicago.

PONTOONS!—This is what Cal. Wagner's band of minstrels are called "as they sail, as they sail." They are making good headway since they commenced to lay out a route, and anticipate having a really excellent time. If we are not right see Jas. Wright's advertisement, which will make everything right without further remark.

Music Halls.

A MELODEONIZING company, consisting of Harry Courtaine, Walter Bray, Mat Kelly, A. J. Talbot, Allen, Kavanagh, Heiser, Shultz, Westwood, York, Flora Bray, Emma Miles and Maggie Brewer, was holding forth, at last advices, at Maguire's Opera House, Virginia City, N. T. On Nov. 6th a "Ladies' Night" entertainment was given, when Mad. Anna Bishop and Chas. Lascelles appeared with the variety troupe.

BILLY ROCHE took a farewell benefit on the 1st inst. at the Varieties, Detroit. A pretty fair company was playing there last week, embracing the names of Julia Barton, E. F. Gorman, Kitty Shimer, Hughey Norton, Jimmy Carrol and others.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Boston, continues to increase in favor. Harry Leslie is there this week, also Kate Pennoyer, Sig. Constantine and others.

TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburgh, is prospering under the management of Fred Aims, with Geo. R. Edeson as stage manager. They give a good variety programme, with a good company, much to the delight of the denizens of ye Smokeye Citye.

CLARA BUTLER continues to do the leading biz. at the Varieties, Chicago, and a ballad afterward. The double dance of the Carle Sisters is pronounced the best thing they have done there. Eagan, the funny man, is in favor, being a good performer and a useful one. Edwards, Carle and Master Barney are clever.

SENORITA ELLA URICA is the *soubriquet* of a new Spanish *danseuse* lately arrived in San Francisco from Havana, and who made her *debut* in the former city, Nov. 7th, at the Olympic. She is said to be young, pretty and wonderfully graceful.

THE MUSIC HALL at Virginia City, N. T., was doing a good business, at last advices, with Billy Sheppard, Joe Mabbitt, Collins, Tuers, Carrie Chapman, Ada De Vere, Miss Josephine and Mrs. Sam Wells as the principal magnetic cards. The last-named lady was the nightly recipient of "much" gold and silver for her singing of "The Wearing of the Green."

THE VARIETIES at Lexington, Ky., is open with a variety company, consisting of Cora Olivia, La Petite Olivia, Minnie Clark, Anna Burleigh, Jennie Marshall, Louise Belmont, Johnny Murphy, Joe Sanford, Tim Crofton, Old Joe Ginger, J. Bird, Nelson Kneass, Geo. Simpson and Tom Grear. O. D. Kress is manager, and Sneider and Norris, proprietors.

THE BELLA UNION, San Francisco, is still in successful operation under the management of Samuel Tetlow. A pantomime called "Wild Man and Flying Women" was on the bills at last accounts, in addition to the usual variety entertainment. Laura Maynard, Sally Thayer, Fred. Sprung, Sallie Henry and Ida May were the principal cards.

MAZEPPAMANIA rages as furiously in San Francisco as when Menken was making the perilous runs. A Miss Addie Florence put in a Mazeppa appearance at the Olympic on October 30th, and is said to be an accomplished horsewoman. Her reading of several passages in "Mazeppa" differs somewhat, it is said, from that of those who have preceded her in the part, but her conception of it is consistently sustained throughout. She makes a fine and original point by grasping the animal's tail in the second scene; it will be remembered that Menken used to grasp the mane. On November 8th, Jennie Lamont took a benefit and played Madeline in "The Daughter of the Regiment," which was repeated the following night.

THE CASINO, Baltimore, Md, has re-opened under the managership of Messrs. Roscoe & Co., with Jake Budd as stage manager in which Tom Russell, and Willie and Johnnie, the Empire boys, appear in connection with a host of others. The price of admission has been reduced.

BOB HALL will open on Dec. 14th a concert hall at Portsmouth, Va. He is backed up, it is said, by plenty of greenbacks, which is a good surety of success. Bob is well up in the concert business, and excelsior is his motto.

EDWIN BLANCHARD and his dogs Carlo and Nero appear nightly at the Canterbury, Washington, D. C., in the sensational piece entitled "The Felon's Death, or the Dogs of the Mountain," in which he is admirably sustained by Miss Kitty Fyffe and Mr. Add Rayman. Besides this, Manager Lee offers the usual attractions—ballet, song and Ethiopian eccentricities.

KATHLEEN O'NEIL has been starring it during the past week at the New American Theatre, Philadelphia. Her new speciality (imitations of popular actors) shows her to be gifted with great versatility. Her imitation of the late John Drew was received with great applause. Robert Butler and Amelia Wells also appeared in the pantomime of the "Schoolmaster."

AT THE VARIETIES, Detroit, Clark Gibbs, Frank Howard and M'lle Freberthyser were the stars last week, in conjunction with Add Weaver and the stock company.

TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburgh, did a good business last week under the management of Fred Aims. W. A Wray, Mlle. Delphine, Signora Jovetta and George W. Smith put in an appearance last week, and were well received. An afterpiece called "Rosedale" was performed, with Johnny Hart, W. A. Wray and Mlle. Delphine in the cast. Julia Price is a favorite there, and her vocalism is well spoken of. Johnny Perkins also does a good song and dance.

THE CANTERBURY, Washington, D. C., under the able management of that pioneer of concert hall managers, Geo. Lea, is doing an immense business. Mr. Edwin Blanchard and his trained dogs put in an appearance on the 29th, and our correspondent, "Touchstone," says of him: "I have witnessed many dog dramas, but Mr. Blanchard and his quadruped family throws them all completely in the shade; in a word, his dogs are immense, while, as a sensation actor, Mr B. has but very few equals on the boards. I understand that Mr. W B. Cavanagh is the successful competitor for the $200 prize which Mr. Lea offered some time since for the best one act drama in twelve scenes. The title of the drama is 'The Fenian's Oath; or, the Idiot of Killarney,' and the awarding of the prize to Mr. Cavanagh is a compliment to his talent he may well feel proud of when we consider that there were no less than eight other competitors. The drama will soon be produced, with new scenery," etc.

Miscellaneous.

A PANORAMA of Oriental scenery, with electrotype plates, engravings, etc., is offered for sale in this week's issue. For full particulars see advertisement in another column.

TONY PASTOR'S COMBINATION will appear at Williamsport, Pa., on the 7th and 8th inst., and goes thence on towards Harrisburg, visiting Scranton, Wilkesbarre and the principal towns along the route.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK REA were announced to give a vocal and instrumental concert, combined with a dramatic and tableaux entertainment, in Washington, on the 4th inst.

A LAUGHABLE INCIDENT occurred at Maguire's Opera House, Virginia City, N. T., lately. Walter Bray and A. J. Talbot were doing "Macbeth" in cork, and in the ghost scene, just as he was coming on the stage with his finger pointing to the woful gash, a most dire and diabolical din broke forth from the orchestra. The awe-struck audience clutched at each other frantically, rose as a woman and man, and saw, not the devil, but a boozy booby pounding unearthly discord out of the bass end of the piano. Mr. Boozy was reeled out instanter, the audience subsided, and the show went on.

THE BLAISDELL TROUPE OF SWISS BELL RINGERS gave three performances late in October, at Virginia City, N. T., and went thence to Gold Hill, Dayton, and Washoe City.

MESSRS. HAYWARD AND HALL, who were vocalizing and bugling about Santa Clara County, Cal., the first week in November, were announced to leave for this city by the next steamer.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE were billed to open in Toledo, Ohio, on the 4th, 5th and 6th inst, and were to go thence towards Detroit and Saginaw.

THE PEAK FAMILY OF BELL RINGERS will give two performances at the Academy of Music, Binghampton, N. Y, on the 11th and 12th inst.

YOU KNOW EUCLID, don't you? We do, for he was instilled into us at the point of the bamboo when we went to school. Well, he advertises in this week's CLIPPER for a posish as lecturer. He's a right smart talker, he is.

MESSRS. DAVIS & Co., the Chicago theatrical agents, advertise in this issue of the CLIPPER for several danseuses and cantatrices.

BLIND TOM is not doing very well among the negro worshippers of Massachusetts. On his first night at Northampton, he played the piano to $75 worth of people; on the second night to $18.

A PANORAMA of England Ireland and Scotland, by the celebrated artist, Washington Friend, is for sale for the reasonable cost of $500. Delay in application will evidently lose a bargain. So hurry up showmen, and file your bids.

ALF. BURNETT, the popular humorist, and formerly an actor of merit, but who of late years has doffed the sock and buskin, has re-appeared on the stage, and has been playing an engagement at the Little Rock Theatre. On Nov. 23d, he was the recipient of a benefit, when he played "Hamlet," and Sir Edward Ardent in the "Morning Call"; he is said to have succeeded admirably. He also gave his humorous entertainment on the same evening.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY give a concert at the Academy of Music, Binghampton, N. Y, on the 7th inst.

TRUE AND HUNTER'S WAR SHOW was to exhibit at the Academy of Music, Binghampton, N. Y., on the 4th inst.

MISS ANNIE DICKINSON was to deliver her lecture entitled "Home Thrusts," under the auspices of the Trades' Assembly, at Rand's Hall, Troy, on Dec. 4th.

MR. THEO. JACOBS, formerly agent for E. Byron Christy's Minstrels, has gone out with Hurley's Panorama as advance agent.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE were announced to appear at Fort Wayne, Ind, on Nov. 30th, Dec. 1st, and 2d. We are pleased to learn that Mr. Carter has sufficiently recovered from his late sickness as to enable him to join the company, which he did at Peru, Ind., on Nov. 27th. He is able to walk nearly as well as before. G. A. Marsh, their old leader, also joined the company at the same point. Mr. White, formerly of the Glass Blowers, and who lately joined this company as agent, had to leave, and his place was filled by J. M. Wickwire, who is now ahead.

W. J. MCALLISTER was billed to appear at Union Hall, Kalamazoo, Mich., on the 1st, 2d, and 4th inst.

TWOMBLY AND GLEASON'S PANORAMA OF THE HUDSON RIVER was on exhibition in Willimantic, Conn., on the 1st inst.

PROF. HARRINGTON is giving performances in Massachusetts. On the 7th he will be at Charlestown.

SOMETHING NEW.—We have seen almost every kind of a traveling show, from a first class theatrical or circus company down to a side show with a stuffed elephant and one monkey, but the following which is now on exhibition in Chicago, takes the rag off the bush. A Chicago paper says:—"For the last few days large crowds have been seen assembled in a corner of the court house square, staring with stupid wonderment at one of the most repulsive exhibitions ever shown to the public. In a small covered wagon, drawn by two dogs, sits a maimed soldier, or a man in soldiers' attire, a woman, and a little girl. The group sitting there stretch out their eager hands on every side, for a time gathering in the five-cent pieces that are thrust upon them from every side. When they have got sufficient to reward them for exhibiting, the woman deliberately unhooks her dress in front, and there the wonder-seekers see coiled up in her bosom a rattlesnake, about four feet in length. As soon as it is exposed, the reptile shoots out its head, darting it rapidly to and fro, and slowly uncoils itself, as the woman, taking it from its warm nest, holds it up for inspection, while the man narrates how every third day she suckles it as she would a child. She then slowly roils it up again round her hand and returns it to its former quarters. This exhibition is of itself sufficiently disgusting, but it is followed by another still more so. The man removing his hat from his head, passes his fingers through his hair, and draws from its nest among his shaggy locks, a spotted toad, black and yellow, which he permits to crawl around his neck and over his face. The man boasts that there is no show in America equal to this extraordinary exhibition. He might boast with equal truth that there is not one to be seen equally disgusting."

THE TONY PASTOR COMBINATION gave a performance at Kilgore Hall on the 25th ult., to a full and appreciative audience. Kilgore Hall has been recently put in "apple pie order," and looks as clean and nice as a "new pin." It is well fitted up, has a large seating capacity, and, we are informed, is well adapted for all kinds of performances, whether musical, minstrel, dramatic, or exhibitions. See advertisement regarding Kilgore Hall in another column.

SEVERAL POPULAR MANUSCRIPT PLAYS are advertised for sale in this issue of the CLIPPER, from the pen of the late W. W. Pratt, by C. Wilkinson. Vide advertisement.

JOSH. BILLINGS delivered one of his characteristic lectures in Philadelphia on the 1st inst., for the enlightenment of the "Press Club" of that city, and the friends and relatives of the family. Crowds went to see Josh., and to hear him expatiate upon "Pontoon Philosophy." Josh's anticipatory call upon his constituency is so clever, that we herewith transcribe it for the benefit of our constituency:—"Press Club Lectures.—Josh Billings' Farewell Lektur. Josh Billings' being about to leave this Kontinent for Rome, Onida county, New Yorke, will resite at Musical Fund Hall, Friday Evening, Dec. 1st, 1865, To a densly krowded aujence, his new Lektur, Pontoon Philosophy. Photograffs ov the Lekturer kan be obtained at aul the prinsipel Groserys. He has run his face thare often; a strong perlice force; also an experienced surgeon will be in attendance. Very young children are expekted tew be present without enny further notiss. The piano selected for this oakashun will remain on exhibishun at the selebrated Vulcan works ov Robert Wood, Ridge aveneo. Diagrams of the Lektur kan be obtained ov Josh Billings, showing eggzactly whare the laff cums in. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Pontoon laid at 8 o'clock. Buy your Tickets before entering the Lektur. Farewell Poetri.

Good bigh! Good bigh! my kristian frends adew!
Beast ill! Beast ill! my harte, thou'lt spiit intew!

HERMANN, the Prestidigitateur, showed to poor houses in Detroit on Nov. 27th, 28th and 29th. Magic don't take there.

MASTER DUDLEY WALLER, the "Infant Orator," was to hold forth at Young Men's Hall, Detroit, on the 1st and 2d inst.

CORRIE'S TOUR OF SCOTLAND showed in Windsor, C. W., on Nov. 27th, and was in Hamilton and London the balance of the week.

THOMAS L. HUNTLEY, but known in the profession as Delano, a tight-rope walker, while performing his feat at Wilmington, N. C. on November 27th, with Chas. White's company, met with a terrible death. The rope extended from the stage to the centre gallery, forming such a steep ascent that it appeared almost impossible to walk. At the appointed time, however, Huntley made his appearance, and with the heavy balance pole commenced his feat. He walked with great ease and success in the ascent, reaching the gallery amid the rapturous applause of the audience. In a few moments he turned to descend to the stage, but after taking a few steps he lost his foothold and fell, but succeeded in gaining the gallery. Apparently becoming mortified at his partial failure, he remounted the rope and attempted to descend to the stage backwards; but after proceeding a few feet from the gallery he again lost his balance, and then commenced a painful and thrilling struggle for life. Finding that he would probably fall from the rope, he threw his balance pole into the dress circle, and, it is supposed, made an effort to spring into it himself. He merely, however, touched it with his feet, and was precipitated, head downwards, into the parquet below, the left side of the head striking the corner of one of the seats, frightfully crushing the skull, and producing almost instant death. The deceased was a native of Nashville, Tennessee, where he leaves a widowed mother, but has latterly been a resident of Richmond, Va. He was aged between nineteen and twenty years. This was only his second appearance in public.

JOHN SIVORI, at his rooms 476½ Broadway, in this city, continues to teach pupils to play on the banjo, and sends an instrument by Express to any part of the country. Minstrel managers or professors wishing burnt cork can get it from Mr. Sivori all ready for putting on the face.

AMBITIOUS YOUTH, or any other man, do you wish to become a prestidigitateur? If so, go and get the Lubin Brothers to supply you with a set of their nonpareil apparatus, and you are set up, and you can travel all over creation as well as Hermann can.

PLUNKETT'S ATHENÆUM, Fort Wayne, Ind., which is well fitted with new scenery, etc. and will seat one thousand persons, can be rented for first class exhibitions, as may be seen by reading Mr. Plunkett's advertisement in another column.

PROF. HUTCHINGS, the "Lightning Calculator," who has been among the schools of Baltimore during the past week, was announced to deliver a lecture at the New Assembly Rooms in that city on the 2d inst., under the auspices of Bryant, Stratton, & Co's. business college, for the benefit of the students connected with that establishment.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

JOHN OXENFORD, the dramatic critic of the London *Times*, is writing a piece for the Menken, to be produced at Astley's Theatre, London, on her return from this country.

THE MENKEN revived "Mazeppa" at Astley's Theatre, London, on Nov. 20th. "The Child of the Sun," for which Menken paid Brougham a good round sum, was withdrawn on Nov. 18th, after forty representations, it having proved a failure. It is said that Mr. Brougham failed to write a piece suited to the Menken's peculiar style, that it contained no plot, and had it not been for her superhuman efforts, the piece would have been withdrawn the first week.

THE LYSTER OPERA TROUPE appeared at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, Australia, lately, in "Faust," with Lucy Escot in the leading *role*. On Sept. 4th "Massaniello" was produced for the second time in that Colony. Mr. Squires was the Massaniello, Lucy Escot the Princess, and Georgia Hodson, Fenella. They gave their last performance there on Sept. 19th, and sailed for Adelaide, South Australia, where they appeared on the 25th.

BILLY O'NEIL appeared at the Haymarket Theatre, Melbourne, Australia, in September, in a round of his popular Irish characters.

A NEW OPERA COMPANY, with A. Reiff, manager, is said to be on its way to Melbourne from California.

JACOBS, the wizard, has left Sydney, N. S. W., for New Zealand.

J. NEWTON GOTTHOLD, a New York boy, appeared at the City of London Theatre, on Nov. 15th, as Othello. The *Era* says of him:—"Those of the play going public who have so often witnessed with pleasure the genial characteristics of the popular actor, Mr. Walter Lacy, will, at a glance, recognise in Mr. Gotthold a most able, and we may add proficient, pupil of the above. In the early part of the play the natural ease and dignity with which the Moor listens to Brabantio's (Mr. Prescott) remonstrances, clearly prove the actor has well studied the details of the plot, whilst in the latter acts, when racked with jealousy and suspicion, Mr. Gotthold still well sustains the character."

AVONIA JONES appeared in "East Lynne" at the Theatre Royal, Leeds, England, on Nov. 13th, and did a good business during the week.

THE ALLEGHANIANS AND SWISS BELL RINGERS appeared in Trades Hall, Glasgow, Scotland, on Nov. 13th, and remained there at last advices.

MISS BATEMAN played Bianca in "Fazio," at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, on Nov. 14th, supported by George Jordan as Fazio. On the 15th "The Lady of Lyons" was presented, and on the 17th, for a farewell benefit, Miss Bateman played "Leah" and "Lady of Lyons."

SOTHERN was to appear in Glasgow, Scotland, on Nov. 20th, in "David Garrick."

AMUSEMENTS.

BARNUM'S NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM,
BROADWAY, BETWEEN SPRING AND PRINCE STREETS.
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald
AFTERNOON AT 3. EVENING AT 7½.
The only place of amusement where
A MUSEUM, CIRCUS, and DRAMA
ARE COMBINED.
The Talented
CIRCUS TROUPE,
With their
THOROUGHBRED HORSES,
appear in the most daring acts in the
MAGNIFICENT ARENA,
concluding with the mirthful act of
MONS. AND MADAME DENNIE'S VISIT TO THE RIDING SCHOOL.
Previous to the Circus, the Domestic Drama of the
TRIALS OF LIFE;
OR,
THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.
By the
TALENTED DRAMATIC COMPANY.
W. B. HARRISON, Extemporaneous Singer.
MAJOR COLVIN,
Aged 11, 19 in. high, and weighing only 12 lbs.,
The Smallest Dwarf Ever Exhibited.
GEN. GRANT, JR., aged 14, 23 in. high, 18 lbs.
THE MINIATURE LADY, MISS LIZZIE READ.
THREE OF THE TALLEST GIANTS IN THE WORLD,
And prettiest CIRCASSIAN GIRLS ever seen.
BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS.
TWO STEAM GLASS ENGINES IN MOTION.
Mr. JOHN BATTERSLY, LIVING SKELETON, weighing 67 lbs.
His Wife, MAMMOTH FAT WOMAN, nearly 700 lbs.
THREE-HORNED BULL.
TWO ALBINOS.
Cosmoramas, Stereoscopticons, Learned Seal, Happy Family, Grand Aquaria, and 100,000 Curiosities.
Admission, 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

BROADWAY THEATRE.
NINTH WEEK. OVERWHELMING AUDIENCES.
UNPARALLELED TRIUMPH
Of Mr.
F. S. CHANFRAU..............as..............SAM
Supported by
MISS OLIVE LOGAN..........as..............LAURA
MONDAY EVENING, AND DURING THE WEEK,
FIFTY-SIXTH NIGHT
of De Walden's screaming comedy of
"SAM,"
The most successful production of the season in New York. Crowded houses. Roars of laughter and incessant applause.
BEAUTIFUL SCENERY AND SPLENDID ACTING.
A GRAND SPECIAL MATINEE OF SAM,
ON THANKSGIVING DAY, Thursday, December 7.
Doors open at 1; begins at 1½; closes at 3½.
NINTH FAMILY MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Stage Manager..................N. B. CLARKE.
Treasurer......................JAMES G. CLUTE.
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.
The magnificent drama of
ROBIN-HOOD;
OR, THE BOLD OUTLAW,
and the Drama of the
TARTAR HORDE,
And the
BLESSED BABY.
MR. WALTER GRISDALE,
MRS. W. G. JONES, GEO. BROOKS, MR. G. THOMPSON,
G. W. LINGARD, MISS ANNIE HYATT,
and all the company.
THANKSGIVING, TWO GRAND ENTERTAINMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
514 BROADWAY, 514
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.........................HENRY WOOD.
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.
MONDAY, DEC. 4th, and every evening during the week, will be performed, with
NEW SCENERY, DRESSES, &c.,
a National, Patriotic, Domestic Play and Allegorical Tableaux, favorable to the Fenian cause, exhibiting the present and future state of Ireland, WRITTEN FOR
WOOD'S MINSTRELS, (Copyright Secured),
entitled
A FAIR FENIAN FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.
SCENE 1.—Brother Jonathan's Yankee Notion Shop. Squaring up Accounts. Prosperity of the Concern. Mike Fenian Claims Protection from J. Bull, &c. Pat's Wrongs. Jonathan's Promise to Stand by him, "When Fenians Fight for Freedom."
SCENE 2.—A Street in Jonathan's Village. Jonathan Resolves to Help the Fenian Brotherhood because "He's Nothing Else to Do."
SCENE 3.—Hall in John Bull's Mansion. Bull, Nappy, and Max conspiring against the Peace of Jonathan. Jonathan's Bill of Damages. A-la-bama Rage of Bull. The Fenians Troublesome Customers for the British Lion. The Forbidden Song. "Wearing of the Green." This is Rebellion.
SCENE 4.—Pat's Cabin. The Fight for Freedom. Pat is Master of his own House. Defeat of Bull, Nappy, Max & Co. Triumphs of the Fenians, Jonathan & Co. The Lion Subdued.
SCENE 5.—Grand Allegory. "The Shamrock." Ireland is Free. Erin go Bragh.
FINALE.—"The Voices of the Irish Patriots." Grand Tableau.
Previous to the Play, the usual variety of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.
A GRAND MATINEE ON THANKSGIVING DAY, at 2½ o'clock.

FOR SALE.—All kinds of Mechanical Figures
for sale and made to order for Dioramas, such as Horses, Dogs, Men, Women and Children, Carriages, Men Wheeling a Loaded Wheelbarrow, Beggars, Kicking Donkey, Soldiers, Cannons, etc. Also, Pantomime Tricks of all kinds. Fantocini Figures constantly on hand. Address
KERR & CARPENTER,
34-2t* No. 13 B street, Providence, R. I.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager..............WM. WHEATLEY.
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.
Doors open at 7¼; begins at a quarter to 8.
MONDAY EVENING, DEC 4, 1865,
the distinguished tragedian,
EDWIN FORREST,
will appear, FOR THE LAST TIME
as VIRGINIUS,
in the classic tragedy of the same name by the late Sheridan Knowles.
Messrs. J. C. McCullough, J. G. Burnett, J.W. Collier, J. Nunan, D. Ralton, J. W. Blaisdell, E. B. Holmes, Danvers, Barry, Niel, Rendle &c., &c.. Mrs. Farren, Agnes Perry, &c., &c., in the cast.
Tuesday (last time), OTHELLO; Wednesday, ARRAH-NA-POGUE; Thursday (Thanksgiving), METAMORA; Friday, DAMON.
Admission, 75 cents; Reserved Seats, $1; Family Circle, (entrance on Crosby street,) 30 cents.
Seats secured six days in advance.

WINTER GARDEN.
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.
BOUCICAULT'S GREAT DRAMA
OF
THE OCTOROON; OR,
LIFE IN LOUISIANA,
descriptive of
AMERICAN CHARACTER,
AMERICAN SCENERY,
AND
SOUTHERN HOMES,
WITH
MR. J. S. CLARKE,
AS SALEM SCUDDER.
New scenery, costumes, and a powerful cast,
EVERY NIGHT
THANKSGIVING, DEC. 7............THE OCTOROON.
Seats may now be secured.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manageress....MRS. JOHN WOOD.
Stage Manager......................J. H. SELWYN.
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald.
MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 4.
AND EVERY EVENING TILL FURTHER NOTICE,
will be presented after months of preparation, in a style of magnificence far surpassing any previous spectacular pageant at this establishment, with SCENERY ENTIRELY NEW, by HAYES, comprising NOVEL AND EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS!
A drama of Hope, Despair and Revenge, adapted expressly for the Olympic, from the celebrated romance of Dumas, entitled
MONTE CRISTO; OR,
THE LONE PRISONER OF THE CHATEAU D'IF,
introducing the eminent and favorite actor, Mr. E L. DAVENPORT, who has been expressly engaged to give due effect to this powerful drama. A grand ballet by the following artists:—M'lle Giuletta Bronner, Mons. Guiseppe Cardela, from the Royal Theatres of Milan, Turin, &c.; the favorite and beautiful Danseuse, M'lle Elise; Mons. Leon W. Conrad, etc., etc. The piece cast to the ENTIRE STRENGTH OF THE COMPANY.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY
GEORGE CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,
And the
ONLY "CHRISTY'S" IN THE WORLD
OPEN EVERY EVENING, and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS,
At the
NEW FIFTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE,
Adjoining Fifth Avenue Hotel.
GLORIOUS SUCCESS, TREMENDOUS RECEPTION
Of the great Comic Artist,
MR. GEORGE CHRISTY,
whose remarkable genius has baffled so many who have striven to imitate him.
NOW AT HOME! AND STILL GAINING IN POPULARITY!
The grand ovation paid him and his new company the past week will fully attest their superiority over any other organization in the world.
Immense reception of
MR. J. E. GREEN,
in his great "Mocking Bird Song" and wonderful Imitations, pronounced by the press and the public the most remarkable feature ever offered to the New York public.
Enthusiastic reception of the old New York favorites, W. S. BUDWORTH, FRED. ABBOTT, WM. HODGKIN, J. TANNENBAUM, FRANK BUDWORTH, W. BIRCH, GEO. HALL, GEO. WRIGHTMAN, and all the Stars.
Matinee Every Saturday, and on Thanksgiving Day.
Gentlemen of merit in the profession can address
GEORGE CHRISTY, or
35-1t* A. W. WOOD, Business Manager.

A RARE CHANCE FOR BUSINESS.
FOR SALE,
A PANORAMA OF ORIENTAL SCENERY,
THE BEST PRODUCTION OF ART IN THIS COUNTRY,
with
ELECTROTYPE PLATES, ENGRAVINGS, CUTS, &c., COMPLETE.
An opportunity of unequalled inducements is offered to any active business man in the purchase of these Paintings, as they have many advantages over any other Panorama. First, they are the best Distemper Paintings ever put upon canvas. Next, the subject is new and original, takes first rate, and will never wear out. Next, they can be shown on Sunday nights (I always did, with great success), and they will draw out more children to matinees than any other show in the country.
This first class exhibition will be sold very cheap, as the proprietor is engaged in other business that requires his whole attention.
For further particulars address MANAGER,
P. O Box 933, Springfield, Mass.
None need apply unless wishing to purchase. 35-1t*

ELLINGER & FOOTE'S COMBINATION.
THE MOST ATTRACTIVE AMUSEMENT TRAVELING
The three smallest human beings in existence.
COMMODORE FOOTE,
The smallest man in the world; the wonderful little comedian, actor and dancer.
MISS ELIZA NESTELLE,
(The Fairy Queen,) the beautiful little dancer and charming singer.
The whole world is challenged, in the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars, to produce the equal of Commodore Foote and Sister, in weight, size and education.
COLONEL SMALL,
The great female character dancer.
In combination with the above mammoth array of curiosity and talent, is the Old Original
CONTINENTAL QUARTETTE.
W. D. FRANKLIN,
J. H. SMITH,
H. M. ROGERS,
A. W. WOODWARD,
MASTER ZACH, the Musical Prodigy,
MASTER WILLIE, the Youthful Comedian.
This Troupe will appear in Paterson, N. J., Dec 7th, 8th and 9th; Newburgh, Dec. 11th, 12th and 13th; Poughkeepsie, 14th, 15th and 16th; Cohoes, 18th; Troy, 19th, 20th and 21st; Albany, 22d, 23d and 25th; Hudson, 26th and 27th; Pittsfield, 28th; Springfield, 29th and 30th; Chicopee, Jan. 1st; Northampton, 2d and 3d; Westfield, 4th; Worcester, 5th and 6th; and open at the Tremont Temple, Boston, 8th.
COL. WM. ELLINGER, General Director.
34-2t PHILO A. CLARKE, General Business Agent.

WANTED.
A Lady who is up in the part of
ALADDIN,
And a good Dancer,
For the Syracuse Theatre. Season to commence
DECEMBER 20TH.
Address DONALDSON & SIMMONS,
34-3t* Box 366, Syracuse, N. Y.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CORRY, PA.
WRIGHT & CO..................................Proprietors.
Stars wishing engagements at the above place of amusement will address W. H. MEEKER, Manager,
34-4t* Corry, Pa.

AN "A No. 1" BASS SINGER, AN "A No. 1"
TENOR, an "A No. 1" PIANIST wanted for a first class traveling
GLEE AND VAUDEVILLE CLUB.
Those playing instruments preferred. Address, stating terms, time and particulars,
34-3t* G. R., Box 370, Baltimore, Md.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CHICAGO.
Messrs. KELLY & LEON, Lessees, being about to open their new ACADEMY OF MUSIC, CINCINNATI, offer the above house in Chicago for rent. It is suitable for any respectable business, being well stocked with scenery, etc. To a first class manager, either minstrel or theatrical, with means, this is a splendid opening in the New York of the West. Apply to
34-2t* KELLY & LEON, Academy of Music, Chicago.

REORGANIZATION.
THE OLD, ORIGINAL
JOHNNY BOOKER'S
MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND
Have Reorganized, composed of
TWENTY STAR PERFORMERS.
One of the Oldest and Best Bands ever organized, consisting of TWENTY UNDOUBTED STARS, the elite of VOCALISTS, MUSICIANS and ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS, who will have the honor of appearing in all of the principal cities, with a SPICY and ORIGINAL MUSICAL MELANGE, of which due notice will be given.
34-tf JOHNNY BOOKER, Sole Proprietor.

BUCKLEYS' SERENADERS, Boston,
Will commence a TOUR OF TEN WEEKS on Jan. 1st, visiting the principal Western Cities, and
RETURN TO BOSTON MARCH 12TH, 1866.
THE BUCKLEYS have rented their Beautiful Hall to
COTTON & MURPHY'S MINSTRELS
during their absence of TEN WEEKS. 34-4t

FOR SALE.—The Motrotheatrum, or Mechanical CIRCUS,
the lightest, the best and only Show of the kind in existence, the whole Show weighing only 500 lbs, and can be set up in any Hall in the country by two men in one hour. It consists of PERFORMING HORSES, DOGS, MONKEYS, ELEPHANTS, CAMELS, GOATS, and a CLOWN we call DAN RICE. Also, a Sporting Scene superior to anything ever exhibited. We challenge the world to produce its equal. Parties wishing to purchase can call at Westerly, R. I., Nov. 29th and 30th, where the Big Show will be exhibited for the first time, or address
KERR & CARPENTER,
34-3t* No. 13 B street, Providence, R. I.

J. B. ROBERTS,
TRAGEDIAN,
Opens at WALNUT STREET THEATRE
ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT, FOR THREE WEEKS.
Managers wishing his services will address
34-4t 250 North Ninth street, Philadelphia.

AMUSEMENTS.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

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Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

BRYANTS' OPERA HOUSE.

MECHANICS' HALL..........472 Broadway, above Grand street
NEIL AND DAN BRYANT..........Proprietors
JOHN SIMPSON.....Treasurer | SANDY ROSS..........Officer
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The Original World Renowned
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,

Whose concerts in the City of New York, during a period of NINE YEARS, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement.

No entertainment of any character, depending on its own attraction, ever met with the same continued patronage as the performances of this company, their concerts having been CROWDED EACH EVENING WITH HIGHLY RESPECTABLE AND FASHIONABLE AUDIENCES.

Receiving a favor and patronage unparalleled by any amusement, and universally admitted to EXCEL ALL EXHIBITIONS of a similar character ever presented,

THE COMPANY

Comprising an efficient versatile corps of
TALENTED AND EXPERIENCED ARTISTS,
Under the direction of the popular comedian,
DAN BRYANT,
Who will nightly appear in conjunction with Messrs.

NELSE SEYMOUR, DAN EMMETT, DAVE REED,
JULES STRATTON, G. S. FOWLER, J. H. SIVORI,
G. F. CLARENDON, J. S. COX, N. W. GOULD,
C. TEMPLETON, W. P. GRIER, M. WARREN,
J. MORRISON, LITTLE MAC, NEIL BRYANT.

In a brilliant variety of New Songs, Choruses, Dances, Farces, Burlesque Sketches, Operatic and Plantation Scenes.

Parquet, 50 cents; Gallery, 30 cents; Private Boxes, $5.

NEWCOMB & ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS,

NOW RETURNING EAST
WITH THEIR JOINT COMPANIES,
Which now possess the greatest amount of Comic Genius, Musical Talent and Terpsichorean Artists that has ever been brought together in one organization.

READ FOR YOURSELVES.
SELF PRAISE NO RECOMMENDATION.
A VOICE FROM PITTSBURGH.

"Newcomb & Arlington's Minstrels opened at Masonic Hall to a jammed house, and carried everything by storm, as it is decidedly the best troupe that has been here for years. It does not rely on one or two men to make the troupe, but has five or six, such as Arlington, Newcomb, Frank Pell, F. Fleury, Frank Wood, and several others—all first class performers. Arlington's banjo solo was received with a perfect ovation of applause, as was his every act. None are more deserving, as I consider him an original package of wit and humor. Mr. Fleury is with this troupe, doing his Coquette Regret, etc. The singing is good, decidedly, and the jokes new. So now, I think I have given an outline of the merits of this troupe, and I will let the reader imagine the rest, and should they ever come your way, go and see them by all means. Of course Newcomb is so well-known that he needs no comment of mine."

A SPOKE FROM LOUISVILLE.
NEWCOMB & ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS.

"These inimitable members of the cork opera are attracting crowded and fashionable audiences to Masonic Hall, and no wonder, as their performances are new and decidedly entertaining. There is not another troupe traveling that has such comedians as Newcomb and Arlington, whose performances are remarkable for their originality."

ANOTHER FROM CLEVELAND.
NEWCOMB & ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS.

"Brainard's Hall was packed and jammed last night to see and hear the Newcomb & Arlington Minstrel Troupe. We attempted to get in about half-past eight o'clock, but failed, and have to rely on hearsay for our opinion of their merits; but as everybody pronounced them good, we are inclined to the belief that they were good.

"Newcomb and Arlington, the two leading spirits of minstrelsy, took prominent parts in the entertainment." 34-4t

MANAGER CHARLES H. DUPREZ

again would most respectfully caution the public against
J. E. GREEN,
who is circulating false reports about the famous
DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS,
with intention to injure the world-wide reputation of the above-named Troupe.

The said J. E. GREEN was compelled to leave the DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS at my request, as I considered him unworthy to be associated with myself in business.

My reasons for disconnecting myself from the said GREEN are many, and unless this scandalous person takes a more honorable course towards me, and keeps that poisonous tongue of his still, I will in future disclose to the public the facts.

CHAS. H. DUPREZ,
Manager Duprez & Green's Minstrels.

The Troy Press of Nov. 25th publishes the following notice and card:

DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS.

This popular company of minstrels—one of the best and most popular in the country—give an entertainment here this evening, in Rand's Hall. The house will no doubt be full, as the merits of this splendid company are such as always to command large and respectable audiences. The statements made in the Whig of this morning that the company is on its way to New York to disband, and then to reorganize under another name, is wholly untrue, as will appear by the following card, signed by every member of the company:

A CARD.

TO THE PROFESSION AND PUBLIC GENERALLY:

The statements made at Syracuse, Troy, and other places, by J. E. Green (late of the firm of Duprez & Green's Minstrels) that a number of the members comprising this widely popular organization, now DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS, are about leaving to join some other troupe, is false in EVERY PARTICULAR, and have been made by the said Green solely with the view of injuring DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS. Not a single member of this successful troupe has any such intentions.

Signed:

SAM POND, Agent. F. E. KRITTA,
GUSTAVE BIDAUX, J. B. MURPHY,
LEW BENEDICT, CHAS KOEHL,
WILLIAM WEST, FRANK KENT,
GONSALVO BISHOP, JACOB KOEHL,
JAMES KOEHL, BILLY PRESTON,
EDWIN HOLMES, J. W. BENJAMIN,
F. HEINRICH, C. WAYNE,
E. M. PARMELEE, J. E. JONES,
C. H. DUPREZ.

Troy, New York, Nov. 25, 1865.

This company of minstrels is one of the oldest in the country and one of the best, and we regret that the Whig should have made such unwarranted allusions to affairs of which it had no certain knowledge. Mr. Green has not been a member of the company since the 11th inst., at which time Mr. C. H. Duprez, not being willing to continue longer in copartnership with him, purchased of him his entire interest, paying therefor nearly two thousand dollars. The firm is now composed of Duprez and Benedict. The exclusion of Mr. Green does not in any wise detract from the merits of the company. It has been rather an advantage, as his place is more than supplied by the best artists. Go to-night and hear them, and be satisfied that they are the best party that ever played in Troy. 34-2t*

SKIFF & GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS.

THE MODEL MINSTREL ORGANIZATION OF THE WORLD,
Now on their return from the West, after one of the
MOST BRILLIANT SEASONS
ever experienced by any Traveling Company in this country.

Acknowledged by the entire Western Press to be the best Company ever seen in the West. The Company is now enlarged, and includes TWENTY-TWO PERFORMERS, and the best Quartet in the business. Four Comedians, together with the Champion Clog Dancers, Delehanty and Ward. The Company is now on a tour through the Eastern States, where they are well known as without rivals.

SKIFF & GAYLORD, Proprietors.
M. T. SKIFF, Manager.
L. M. W. STEERE, Agent. 34-tf

SPECIAL NOTICE---TO THE PROFESSION,

Parties wishing engagements with good responsible Managers will do well to forward us their names, line of business, programme, AND NOT FORGET THE STAMPS—P. O. STAMPS, WE MEAN—as we have engagements at all times on our books.

N. B.—Managers of Theatres, Concert Halls and Traveling Troupes, will do well to forward us their orders for anything that they may need in the profession. Address DAVIS & CO., Theatrical Agents, Drawer 6390, P. O., Chicago, Ill. 34-4t*

NOTICE.

THE ROYAL LYCEUM, TORONTO.

Is open for the season under the sole management of J. C. Myers. Stars wishing time, will make application immediately to Miss Flora Myers, Toronto. Stars who have made arrangements with Mr. La gdon, will please make known their time at once.

[34-2t*] J. C. MYERS, Sole Lessee and Manager.

P. S.—Wanted, a leading man, juvenile man and chamberm aid.

TO MANAGERS OF

FIRST CLASS ENTERTAINMENTS.

Having just completed a very successful engagement of two years with SKIFF & GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS, I am now open to negotiate with any first class show. Address

C. E. RICHARDSON,
Former Agent of Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels,
34 2t* Care Calhoun's Printing Office, Hartford, Conn.

ASHE & CO.,

NOS. 159 AND 161 MERCER STREET, NEW YORK,
SIGN & SCENIC ARTISTS.
Show Signs, Fancy Posters, Photographic Back Grounds, &c. 34-3m

NOTICE TO THE PROFESSION.

I beg leave to inform the public that the copartnership lately entered into between J. E. Green and myself for the organization of a Minstrel Troupe, is this day dissolved, I withdrawing from all such arrangement. All debts contracted on and after this date by said Green for any such a company, must be paid by said Green. SAMUEL POND.

New York, Nov. 24th, 1865. 34 1t*

PROMPTER WANTED at the Albany Academy

of Music. A first class man, who can come with good references, can have a permanent and lucrative situation. Address
34-2t* J. M. TRIMBLE, Albany, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

HOOLEY'S NEW OPERA HOUSE,

CORNER OF COURT AND REMSEN STREETS, BROOKLYN,
Is now open for the season with
A GREAT STAR COMBINATION OF
MINSTRELS AND PANTOMIMISTS.
THE MOST COMFORTABLE AND FINEST HALL
IN AMERICA.

The Company comprises TWENTY-FIVE UNEQUALLED PERFORMERS, selected from the first ranks of the Profession.

First class talent can address
E. GREENLAND, Ag't. (28-tf) R. M. HOOLEY, Sole Propr'r.

CLARRY & REILLY,

PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
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THE LARGEST
SHOW BILL
PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT
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THIS FIRM
Pays particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.

A deposit required on all work ordered. 34-tf

NEWCOMB AND ARLINGTON'S

MINSTRELS,
HEADED BY THE PIONEERS OF MINSTRELSY,
and the
TWO GREATEST COMEDIANS OF A CENTURY,
NEWCOMB AND ARLINGTON,

Who appear nightly upon the stage in their merriest and best characters, in connection with their mammoth corps of Vocalists, Instrumentalists, Dancers and Comedians.

N. B.—We, the undersigned, are reported by a PARCEL OF ENVIOUS and JEALOUS SET OF TRAVELING MUSHROOMS, as not appearing upon the stage. We beg to differ. We are on hand nightly to the discharge of our duties to the best of our abilities. The Troupe as now organized,

STANDS SECOND TO NONE IN THE WORLD,
WITH A BETTER STRING BAND,
BETTER BRASS BAND,
BETTER VOCALISTS,
BETTER DANCERS,
BETTER COMEDIANS,
AND MORE OF THEM.

In all,

WE STAND IN DEFIANCE.

The Troupe are now returning East, with an entire new repertoire of Novelties (not yet captured by the Traveling Pirates, and peddled out as original with themselves.)

W. W. NEWCOMB,
WM. ARLINGTON,
Proprietors.
33-12t* CHAS. S. WOOD, Agent.

ARTEMUS WARD'S

FAREWELL NIGHTS IN AMERICA.

The public are respectfully informed that
ARTEMUS WARD
will appear in his very popular
COMIC ILLUSTRATED MORMON SPECIALTY
in the chief cities of the United States, prior to his departure for England.

It is believed that the
SUCCESS OF THIS ENTERTAINMENT
is
WHOLLY UNPRECEDENTED
in the history of genteel amusements in either hemisphere. 26 tf

AMERICAN THEATRE,

444 BROADWAY.
Manager and Proprietor..........ROBERT W. BUTLER
SIXTH ANNUAL SEASON
Of
BUTLER'S GREAT TROUPE,
Whose success has never been equalled.
OPENING NIGHT,
THURSDAY, AUG. 17, 1865,

Of this favorite establishment, with a splendid company of new and old favorites, by which

NOVELTIES WILL BE PRODUCED IN
28-tf RAPID SUCCESSION.

NOTICE.

TO MANAGERS AND ARTISTS.

I desire to state that I shall be absent from home during the greater part of the Winter. Any parties wishing to negotiate for any of Mr. JOHN BROUGHAM'S pieces will please address the subscriber (at the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, for four weeks,) or Mr. A. T. LEVERE, at my residence,

T. E. MORRIS,
77 West Tenth street,
33-tf New York City.

NEW VARIETY THEATRE, Titusville, Pa.

Now open with the following Company:

MR. BILLY ALLEN, MISS LAURA BERNARD,
TOM BAKER, VICTORIA ROSS,
MR. JOE WOODS, ANNIE LEE,
MONS. MORICI NAVONI, NELLIE HUNTLEY,
MR. NUNAN, MAGGIE WILLETT,
M. B. LEAVITT, DICK COLLINS,
MR. HANK PULLMAN.

Artists of ability desiring profitable engagements can procure them by addressing

RHODES & PULLMAN,
Proprietors, Titusville, or
JOE WOODS,
30-3m* Stage Manager.

CHILDS' HALL,

PAINESVILLE, OHIO.
ASA CHILDS..........Proprietor

Universally admired, is furnished with a large stage, and is lighted with gas.

Will seat 500 persons. Terms reasonable. 33-3m*

THE NEW FRANKLIN THEATRE.

LEON DE BERGER..........Lessee and Manager

This New Theatre will open for the Winter Season with a first class Dramatic Company, Thursday evening, Nov. 16th, 1865. Stars of acknowledged ability may address

LEON DE BERGER, Manager,
33-3m Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

NORWALK HALL,

NORWALK, CONN.

A first class Hall, one of the largest and most convenient in the State, to let for all respectable entertainments. Terms moderate. Address Proprietor Norwalk Hall, Norwalk, Conn. 33 3m*

INDIANA STATE MUSEUM,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Between Delaware and Pennsylvania streets, on Washington.
MADAME ENGLISH..........Proprietress
GEO. W. FROST..........Manager

N. B.—Good cards wanted and correspondence requested. 33-4t

COLUMBUS, Ohio.

ROBINSON & BRYAN,

The old established BILL POSTERS and DISTRIBUTORS of the Capital City of Ohio, owners of over 100 Bulletin Boards, attend promptly to all matters intrusted to their care. References—Fact Job Printing Office, 25 East Town st., and Columbus Gazette Job Printing Office, 19 East State st., to whose care orders may be addressed. [33-3t*] ROBINSON & BRYAN.

YORK (Pa.) MELODEON.

SELAK & SMITH..........Proprietors
J. S. BERRY..........Stage Manager

This popular place of amusement is now open for the Winter Season.

WANTED—Talent in every branch of the Concert Hall business. Also, Ballet Girls capable of doing Solo Dances; Banjo Player, and Song and Dance Man. Address, stating salary,

J. S. BERRY, Stage Manager,
30-tf York Melodeon, York, Pa.

BANJO AND JIG DANCING Taught by

PAT DINON,

The renowned BANJOIST and JIG DANCER, No. 138 Avenue C, corner of Ninth street, New York. 32-4t*

SYRACUSE THEATRE.

DONALDSON & SIMMONS..........Managers

Wanted,
A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY,
with good wardrobe.

The season to commence Dec. 20, 1865.

People of acknowledged ability please address the above in care of Clipper, or Box 366, Syracuse, N. Y. 33-3t

TO MANAGERS.---KATE FISHER will shortly

appear in two sensation prize dramas, and will play several engagements without her horse.

Business Communications to be addressed to

C. S. BERNARD,
33-tf 486 Broadway.

OLD AND RELIABLE.--Established 15 Years.

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BILL POSTER AND DISTRIBUTOR,
NO. 1 PINE STREET, LOCKPORT, N. Y.

Bills, with orders from responsible parties, sent me per express, will always receive prompt attention, and work done well. 33-3t*

MISS KATE FISHER.---All Business Communi-

cations for this lady to be addressed care of
C. S. BERNARD, No. 486 Broadway.
Can be engaged with or without her trained horse. 33-tf

CORINTHIAN HALL, Rochester, N. Y.

Owing to the extensive repairs, this Hall cannot be reopened before December 1st.

33-tf SAMUEL WILDER, Proprietor.

NED F. CAMPBELL.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMER, can be engaged by addressing him Box 419 Watertown, N. Y. 26-3m*

TRENOR'S WASHINGTON HALL,

WILLIAMSBURGH, N. Y. Agents and others interested in public entertainments will find TRENOR'S WASHINGTON HALL, South Seventh and Fourth streets, Williamsburgh, desirably adapted. The stage is large and well stocked with new scenery, foot lights, reflectors, &c. Terms favorable and no tricks or traps.

27-3m* J. H. TRENOR, Proprietor.

AMUSEMENTS.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE,

201 BOWERY,
Opposite Spring street.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT AND SATURDAY AFTERNOON.
THE GREAT FAMILY RESORT,
THE MODEL TEMPLE OF AMUSEMENT.
LARGE AND COMPLETE COMPANY,
under the direction of the renowned
TONY PASTOR,
greeted nightly by crowded and fashionable audiences.
GOOD ENGAGEMENTS ALWAYS OPEN FOR
GOOD PERFORMERS
in any line—Dramatic, Operatic, Terpsichorean, Pantomimic, Acrobatic, or Ethiopic. Apply personally or by letter to

SAMUEL M. SHARPLEY,
19-tf Business Manager.

THE WORLD'S FAVORITES'

TWELFTH
ANNUAL TOUR.

Sweeping everything before them in the way of success.

We come again after a most brilliant and successful tour through the Lower and Upper Canadas, Kansas, Nebraska, and the great West.

COMPETITION AND IMITATORS OUTDONE,
by the famous and gigantic
DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S
Original
NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN MINSTRELS,
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE, AND BRASS BAND,
Enlarged and Improved for the Season of 1865 and '66.

The model troupe of the world, consisting of twenty-five unapproachable, brilliant

ETHIOPIAN STARS,

admitted by the people and the press to be the leading, model organization of the present age, far superior in every respect to all other traveling troupes in existence, the result of twelve years of experience, patronized by the fashion and elite of the entire continent.

MANAGER..........C. H. DUPREZ
VOCAL DIRECTOR..........SIG. G. BIDEAUX
LEADER OF BRASS BAND..........E. M. PARMELEE
MUSICAL DIRECTOR..........J. T. RVEHL
DIRECTOR OF AMUSEMENTS..........J. B. MURPHY
TREASURER..........A. JONES

THIS MAMMOTH UNEQUALLED AND INCOMPARABLE
CORPS OF POPULAR AND DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS

will again traverse the entire continent of America this present season, visiting all the principal cities and towns on their route. Will also visit the West Indies, Canada, the Island of Cuba, New Brunswick, New Foundland and Nova Scotia, introducing to their extensive patrons one of the most pleasing and entertaining new original programmes ever offered in minstrelsy.

ADMISSION 50 CENTS.

SAM. POND, FLEMING ADAMS. } Agents.
C. H. DUPREZ, LEWIS BENEDICT, } Proprietors.
34-tf

RETURN OF THE FAVORITES

TO THE WEST.
FIFTH YEAR OF
ONE CONTINUED SEASON.
THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE
AND YOUNG FEMALE BRASS BAND.

This extraordinarily successful company (upwards of twenty in number) are about to return to the scene of their former triumphs, and with new and increased attractions, including the wonderful

PROTEUS,

the new invention of Prof PEPPER, of London (inventor of the famous "Ghost"), of which the Baltimore American speaks of as follows:

"Proteus is a great deceiver, you can never tell where he is. The Davenport illusion, or delusion rather, was an excellent thing in its way, but the Davenports are totally eclipsed by the workings of Proteus."

J. HENEAGE CARTER,
Proprietor and Manager.

UNION HALL,

WILLIAMSBURGH, L. I.,

Junction of Division Avenue and Clyner street. Is the largest and unquestionably the best adapted Hall on Long Island for

CONCERTS, LECTURES,
MINSTREL AND
DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES.

It is fitted up in the most complete order. Large stage, full set of scenery, flies, reflectors, foot lights, etc. Will be rented to the profession on liberal terms. Apply at the office on the premises, or by mail to Box 195 Brooklyn, E. D., late Williamsburgh P. O. [27-13t* WILLET & BROTHER.

TONY PASTOR'S

NEW COMBINATION TROUPE,
THE LARGEST TROUPE TRAVELING,
THE MOST VARIED AND AMUSING PERFORMANCE EVER
WITNESSED IN THIS COUNTRY.

Will visit all the principal cities

SAM SHARPLEY, Business Manager.
BILLY PASTOR, Stage Manager.
J. W. ALLINSON, Agent.
27-tf TONY PASTOR & CO., Proprietors.

LEVI J. NORTH, with his Stud of Trained

HORSES and PONIES, will be in Philadelphia in the course of ten days. Any person wishing to negotiate may address to Chestnut Street House.

27-10t* LEVI J. NORTH.

MLLE. AURIOL,

PREMIER DANSEUSE.

All communications must be addressed to TONY DENIER, now performing at Hooley's New Opera House, Brooklyn, L. I. 25-3m*

PLUNKETT'S ATHENÆUM,

HAMILTON'S NEW HALL,
FORT WAYNE, IND.,

Will open for the season on MONDAY, Oct. 2, with a full Dramatic Company. Mr. PLUNKETT'S Season at

FORT WAYNE, TOLEDO, AND LAFAYETTE

is never less than nine months. First class stars please apply as above.

Emma Waller is engaged for six nights, commencing Oct. 16. Madame Methua Scheller commences on Nov. 6th 25-3m

MLLE. MARIETTA RAVEL,

(Niece of the renowned Ravels)
The unexcelled
PANTOMIMIST, DANSEUSE,
And
TIGHT ROPE ARTISTE,

Now drawing crowded houses at the Apollo Theatre, Lexington, Ky. Managers desirous of securing this young artiste for Star engagements of six or more nights will address

M. W. HANLEY,
30-tf Apollo Theatre, Lexington, Ky.

AUSTRALIA.

First Class Stars intending to visit Australia, can negotiate through GEORGE COPPIN, Theatrical Agent,
26-10t* Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

TO SHOWMEN.

CHUBBUCK'S HALL, UTICA,

Next to the Post Office. This Hall is neatly decorated and fitted with stage, drop curtain and wings. Theatrical gas fixtures on the stage. Raised seats and gallery. Has been occupied by the Holman Opera Troupe sixty nights during the season. Rent $10 per night, or $50 per week, including license. Apply to

S. W. CHUBBUCK,
Utica, N. Y.

Showmen are invited to look in. 31-3m*

TO MANAGERS.

MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL,

The greatest IRISH VOCALIST and COMEDIENNE in the world, second to no one in English Comedy and Drama, will be disengaged early in January, after she is through at the Opera Comique, Boston.

Letters to be addressed to

KATHLEEN O'NEIL,
31-tf 210 Mulberry street, New York.

CITY HALL,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.,

Can be rented for Concerts, Lectures, and Public Amusements.

The Hall has been newly painted, decorated, ventilated, and otherwise improved.

It is located on the first floor, with four separate doors; being the Largest, most Eligible and Comfortable Hall in the City, seating 2,500. Address

CHARLES N. HARRINGTON,
26 6m* Box 626.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

HARTFORD, CONN.
A. A. BACON..........Proprietor

Managers and agents of traveling troupes will find a pleasant and comfortable home here, and every attention paid to their wants. Being in a central location, lately refitted and furnished throughout, and with several years' experience as caterer for the profession, the proprietor has every confidence that he can give

ENTIRE SATISFACTION

to all who may favor him with their patronage.

Terms always as low as the times will admit of. 24-tf

MISS JENNIE HIGHT,

THE VERSATILE COMEDIENNE,

In Davenport, Iowa, Oct. 2; Cincinnati, Oct. 23; Louisville, Nov. 6; Nashville, Dec. 4; Memphis, Jan. 8; Rochester, Jan. 22; Troy, Feb. 5; Boston, Feb 19. Address as above, or to

24-3m* ROBERT JONES, Howard Athenæum, Boston.

NEWARK THEATRE.

The above Theatre is now open for the Fall and Winter Season, with a full and first class Dramatic Company, under the management of

MESSRS. JAS. M. WARD AND EDWARD PARKER.

First class Stars are invited to negotiate, to whom liberal terms will be offered.

Address their Business Agent,

A. D. FITCH,
Newark Theatre, Newark, N. J.

P. S. WANTED—A first class Old Woman. Address immediately as above. 26-3m*

THE ALLEGHANIANS.

VOCALISTS AND SWISS BELL PLAYERS.
MR. J. M. BOULARD,
MR. GEORGE GALLOWAY,
MR. A. H. FERNALD,
MISS CARRIE HIFFERT,
MISS AMY JENNER,

during their European tour, desire that all letters to them (business or friendly) should be addressed to the care of

CRAMER, BEALE & CHAPPELL, Music Publishers,
201 Regent street, London, England.
J. M. BOULARD, Manager.
28-13t* D. G. WALDRON, Agent.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE ORIGINAL

RAYNOR'S CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS
AND
BRASS BAND

J. W. RAYNOR..........Sole Proprietor and Manager

THE ONLY PERSON HAVING THE RIGHT TO THE
TITLE OF CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,
As decided by the Hon. Judge Davis, of the Court of Appeals, New York.

This Troupe, composed of Twenty acknowledged artists, are now on their Second Tour since their return from Europe.

They will appear in all the principal cities in the Union previous to the

OPENING OF THEIR OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.
22-tf H. A. HANCKER, Agent.

NEW AMERICAN THEATRE,

WALNUT ST. ABOVE EIGHTH, PHILADELPHIA.
OPEN FOR THE SEASON.

Acknowledged by both the public and the press to be one of the most splendid Theatres in America. First class Stars wishing nights, address P. O. Box 930.

R. FOX, Proprietor and Manager.
21 JAMES PILGRIM, Stage Manager.

THE CLASSIC AND BEAUTIFUL SUSAN DENIN

Will negotiate with first class managers for nights after Dec. 6th.

PITTSBURGH OPERA HOUSE, Oct. 16th.

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